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POLICE OFFICER WAS LAX.

So Says George W. Sampson of Edwin A. Bayley—Lexington Election Squabble Refuses to Die—A Spirited Reply.

Editor Enterprise: I have always made it a rule whenever the man or measure for whom I have voted has suffered defeat to take the result philosophically, and not to trouble my friends nor the newspapers with any speculations as to how it happened, trusting implicitly to the will of the people, whose will I have always endeavored to carry out, and never with stronger contention than when I fought for their expressed desire of the last few months, whenever uttered.

Such, however, does not seem to have been the idea of Edwin A. Bayley, to whom I might properly allude, in line with that rare courtesy which characterized his letter in your columns of last week, as the "Windbag of the Green Bag." He seems to take a most cheering view of the following facts:

First, that the expressed will of the people of Lexington on January 28, 1901, was attempted to be overturned.

Second, that the supreme court as a court in full bench has never changed that vote one particle.

Third, that on a petition of Mr. George W. Taylor, Mr. Hutchinson was "invited to visit" the supreme court, but when the case came before Judge Knowlton, Mr. Taylor's counsel was conveniently sick, and when at last the case was heard, it was not heard before Judge Knowlton, but Judge Loring, who heard the case and dismissed the petition of Mr. Taylor in every contention. Judge Loring, however, delivered a lengthy dictum, in part as follows: "I think the petitioner is right in the contention that the town could not vote to change back from the previous election, and that it is not why it could not do so, and did not enforce his opinion, so that matters stood exactly as they were. Mr. Taylor having been thrown out of court. These are the facts, and the full text of the dictum, or opinion, will be found in the columns of the Arlington Enterprise of some weeks ago. You will find it there, and you can all read it for yourselves. Accordingly, three of the 'contentions' of the Bayley article of last week are disposed of. We do not know whether the action of the town was legal or not. Even Judge Loring only says 'I think.'"

As to the hearing before the legislature and the imaginary conversation between the committee and the citizens who petitioned for a curing act, I would say that the only 'kind, but firm' speech I have ever heard from a tribunal of late years was one which the chairman of the board of railroad commissioners delivered to the said Bayley, who was counsel for the remonstrants on the Waltham street case, when he attempted to overthrow the emphatic vote of the town in 1899, which they expressed the desire for the selectmen to grant a location to the street railway on that street, and which the selectmen promptly granted. Chairman Jackson told Mr. Bayley that he had heard enough and that the selectmen 'very properly asked the advice of the town in town meeting on so important a question.'"

The "Windbag of the Green Bag" here indulges in a little speculation as to my not caring to run for an elective office for various causes. To this I would only suggest that the majority of 95 which I received in March, 1900, is a sufficient commentary of the feelings of the voters of Lexington. To repeat a former statement, "I received 95 votes, without undue haste," and I hope am out of politics forever.

Referring to the matter of who should pay the bills for legal counsel, I would say that I still maintain that the town should pay those bills. I should have paid my small proportion thereof with the greatest pleasure, and should have fully voted for the town to reimburse the three selectmen, if they pay it.

Now, as to the notorious and scandalous Park cases. Here we have an affidavit signed by Theodore W. Park, who, by the way, is not and never was an ardent supporter of mine, and who has been one of my worst political enemies, as many can testify. The affidavit is presented to the voters of Lexington is peculiar, as it omits these very significant words, "but now know what I did was wrong and untrue." This was sworn to before Edwin A. Bayley was a member of peace, a member of the Suffolk bar, a member of the Law Enforcement league, and a recently appointed police officer of the town of Lexington, who, I am told, allowed a self-confessed vote briber to escape from justice.

There was no mention of poll taxes by Mr. Cosgrove, and the payment of the two dollars in either case was not understood by him. It was the most scandalous proceeding in the history of Lexington, and if Edwin A. Bayley had done his duty as a sworn police officer of the town of Lexington, who, I am told, allowed a self-confessed vote briber to escape from justice.

Concerning the criminal nature of the charge against Mr. Park there is no doubt. Section 41 of chapter 54 of the acts of 1886 reads as follows: "Whoever pays or gives, or directly or indirectly promises to a voter any gift or reward to influence his vote, or to induce him to withhold his vote, shall be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year."

The campaigns of Mr. Bayley are replete with unfortunate coincidences. In 1900, anonymous letters were freely circulated by some of Mr. Bayley's associates; in the fall of 1900 a spurious caucus ballot was issued by some of Mr. Bayley's associates; in the campaign of May 29, money was paid and liquor offered for votes by one of Mr. Bayley's associates, and if I were a candidate for public office, I would shun the political support of the "Windbag of the Green Bag" as something of a very doubtful character, as I should always fear that if I had a chance to run down such disreputable tactics, Mr. Bayley, as in the case of his notorious associate, Mr. Park, might not be as willing to let justice take its course.

I beg the indulgence of your columns for this somewhat lengthy reply to a still more lengthy communication, as I believe that the truth should be told.

At some future time, when some of the towns who have voted just as Lexington did, will have to vote on this matter up to the full bench of the supreme court, we shall know whether we were right in voting as we did; until then, nobody can say we were wrong, when the judge himself only says "I think."

G. W. SAMPSON.

SURPRISE EXPECTED.

Many Arlington Citizens Feel That Developments Will Make the Town's Sensation Worse, Instead of Better.

It begins to look as though poor Arlington was in for it in good earnest. Nothing is known for a certainty, but the rumors come from such reliable sources (and the informants are not to be considered alarmists, by any means), that it is felt by many that when the whole truth is known it will be seen that the shortage in the town's finances will foot up much higher than has been heretofore announced.

Of course the town officers do not say anything about it. Even when pressed for a statement, they "hear and say nothing." It is to be expected that they will do their utmost to keep the whole affair as quiet as possible till the meeting of the grand jury, when, of course, it will have to be told, but even then it will not be known publicly and not till the case is tried by the superior court, if it goes that far.

In some interviews officials authorized to make a statement, they have given a tentative estimate of the defalcation, for which Swan is now held for trial, would not exceed \$500. Citizens who are supposed to be on the inside, however, early in the week freely stated that this shortage would be exceeded by many thousands of dollars. Some, in fact, say that it will amount to between \$25,000 and \$30,000, if not more.

PARKE CAME BACK.

Much-wanted Ex Lexington Man Appears and Is Promptly Arrested—Held in \$500 Bonds Till Next Friday.

The expected happened. Theodore W. Parke returned to his home on Court street, East Lexington, Officer William B. Foster's sharp eye was open. The result was that Mr. Parke was lodged in the police station, charged with bribery in connection with the recent election of a selectman.

Bail Commissioner L. A. Saville, at his request, fixed bonds at \$500, and that amount was furnished by the defendant's son, Mr. Parke appearing in the superior court at Concord, yesterday morning. He asked for a continuance of a week. Chief of Police Franks, who secured the warrant, and who represented the government, did not oppose the request and it was granted by the court.

It will be remembered that Mr. Parke was summoned into court two weeks ago, but that when the officers tried to serve the summons he could not be found. The warrant was then issued and the police have been on the lookout for him ever since. The present case against him, due to the fact that he had an affidavit that he offered certain ones considerations, if they would vote for a candidate at the recent election.

When the case was called, yesterday, Mr. Parke was not represented by counsel, but it is understood that he has since secured Lawyer Leach, of Boston.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

FIRST BLOOD.

The club team opened the home season Thursday, and defeated the Newburyport A. A. nine in a loosely played game by a score of 16 to 5. Davis, late of Amherst, and the North Shore team, was in the home team and pitched an excellent game, only six hits being made off his delivery. He was finely supported by Wood. The star feature of the game was the batting of Franklin, the crack Arlington pitcher of last year. Leach, F. Leach, O'Neill and Twombly, also did good work for Arlington. Gunter, Hackett and Page did excellent work for the visitors.

The roll-off for second place in the candle-pin league was held Monday night, between the teams of Capt. Homer Dodge. The latter won, thereby securing second place and leaving third place for Capt. Homer's team. The team captained by the late Whittemore had already secured first place.

With Monday night's roll-off the bowling season is practically over. The tournaments have all been completed, and the names for next season are being made up. The past season has been a good one for this branch of sport. The club has some good alleys. The members appear to appreciate it, and use them with the greatest economy. The prospects point to another big season next year.

J. M. Monahan, the efficient custodian of the clubhouse, has been very busy the past few weeks, getting the place into shape. It was a large task, but he has completed it in an efficient and expeditious manner. All the boats are now in the water and in first class shape. Monahan has now turned his attention to the house itself, and is giving it a few needed repairs. This week he painted the several tin roofs a gorgeous red. Other repairs are to follow.

A regatta is being arranged for July 17. There will probably be single shell, and single and double working boat events. Numerous men are training for the regatta. Among them are Messrs. A. Bennett, James P. Puffer and Charles A. Johnson, who are old A. B. C. rowing men, and the following novices: Messrs. "Thorny" Wood, Roger Homer, Warren Freeman and William Henson.

The baseball team will meet the Brightons on Lawrence field, today, at 3.30.

ARLINGTON GOLF.

A 36-hole handicap medal play competition was held at the Arlington golf club, Thursday, and first place was won by A. C. Hill, with a net score of 174. The contestants finished in the following order: A. C. Hill, H. B. Wood, H. Rice, G. L. Smith, G. C. Russell, G. M. Brooks, H. D. Hardy, T. Walcott, F. A. Buhlert, H. F. Buckman, W. G. Rice, M. L. Cushman, W. M. Hill, F. M. Bott, J. C. Gray.

A 18-hole handicap stroke competition was held in the afternoon, with seven ladies of the club competing. Mrs. Annabel Parker won first gross prize with a score of 183-118, while Miss Edith Teed, with 151-40-111, won the prize for best net. The other scores were not given out.

The dance which was to have been held at the clubhouse in the evening was postponed until Saturday night on account of the inclement weather.

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HE IS INNOCENT.

Lexingtonians Do Not Believe that Peter F. Damm Is Guilty of Any Wrong-doing—Dr. Paine Will Be in Court, Tuesday.

Another citizen of Lexington has been brought into unenviable notoriety, this week. The unfortunate fellow, this time, is Peter F. Damm, of Independence avenue, East Lexington. Of course, there are two sides to the case. The Enterprise has made sufficient examination to say that, according to the most reliable authorities, Mr. Damm seems to be entirely innocent of any wrong-doing, and the victim of unfortunate circumstances, not to say something more.

The first story of the affair was given out as follows: At 9 o'clock Wednesday night, the residents in the neighborhood of Chestnut street, Boston, were startled by the rapid firing of a revolver. At 9 o'clock a man was seen running across the Charles street mall of the common, hatless and coatless. He gave chase and overhauled him, and from his disjointed conversation learned that he was fleeing from an assailant, who, he said, had been shooting at him, and who, he supposed, was on his track.

The man was taken to the Lagrange street station, where he gave the name of Damm. He said he was a music teacher and employed to give the adopted daughter of Dr. Sumner Paine violin lessons. He also said that the doctor had attempted to shoot him at the Chestnut street address, and had fired four shots at him.

Dr. Paine was arrested. He is a lieutenant in Co. 1st heavy artillery, and said he went to the army that evening, not expecting to be home very early. He told the police that he returned unexpectedly at 9 o'clock, and found Damm in the house and his wife in what he believed to be a compromising position. He said that Damm ran out toward the back door and that the shots which were fired were not intended to do any harm, but were simply meant to frighten him.

When Dr. Paine came in there was an exciting scene, and Damm fled without stopping for coat or hat. He rushed out of the back entrance and through the alleyway to Walnut street, and thence across the common. It was at this time that the shots were fired.

Dr. Paine is a son of Gen. Charles J. Paine, the well known yachtsman. He is also a crack revolver shot, having won in the revolver shooting contest at Athens in 1896.

In the first session of the municipal criminal court, Boston, yesterday morning, Judge Ely heard the plaintiff's side of the case and also listened to the defendant's story, through his lawyer, George V. Phipps. The judge then issued a warrant for the arrest of Dr. Paine on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

The defendant appeared in the court room, shortly afterward, and was called to the bar. He waived the reading of the complaint, and the case was continued to next Tuesday. Bail was furnished in the sum of \$500.

Mr. Damm's reputation in East Lexington could not be better. He is a man who has the respect of his neighbors, and his friends sympathize with him in his present unpleasant situation. They look for a speedy straightening out of affairs in Mr. Damm's favor.

Mr. Damm's friends point with a suspicious finger at Dr. Paine's unsuccessful attempt to shoot the other man. The doctor is well known as a crack shot, and if he had been rightly so, it is probable that Mr. Damm's friends claim that the consequences would have been more serious.

Mr. Damm is 28 years old. He has a wife and four little daughters. He is a big, broad-shouldered man. Mrs. Damm has perfect confidence in her husband's innocence. She makes the following statement of the case: "Wednesday evening Mrs. Paine asked my husband to remain after the music lesson so that they could confer about this opera (which Mrs. Paine was writing). He did so, and they sat in her room, and he was playing the piano. Mr. Paine entered the room and pointed a revolver at my husband. There were no words, but natural fear. Mr. Paine was frightened at the revolver and made as quick an exit as possible. How did it happen that Mr. Damm was without his coat or vest? My husband always like to throw off his coat and usually does so when he is giving music lessons. He sat near an open grate fire and felt uncomfortably warm."

An interesting fact, and one which, if true, is an important point in Mr. Damm's favor, is this: Mr. Damm claims that Dr. Paine said to him, after the arrest: "I want to shake hands with you. I am glad that I found you where I did, for now I can go ahead and get my divorce."

The result of Tuesday's trial, and future developments, will be awaited with interest by the residents of Lexington.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

Arlington and Lexington Posts Observe Their Holy Day.

The Exercises Pass Off to the Satisfaction of All—Rain Refrains from Falling, Much to the Gratification of the Veterans—The Observances in Detail.

For all he did, and all he dared, a Remembrance, today.

Memorial day, the holiday which is a holy day, was fittingly observed in Arlington and Lexington, Thursday. Both towns have posts, which, though they cannot excel in numbers, fully make up that deficiency, if any may be called such, by their excellency of quality.

Because both posts are small, numerically, their work, Memorial day, is harder than that of some of the larger posts, but they do not murmur; they simply "fall in" and do what is assigned them with the proper spirit of patriotism and of loving memory for their comrades who have gone before them to the higher and better land.

The day was a success from every standpoint. To be sure, the sun absolutely refused to lend its cheering rays to the day's observances; yet, on the other hand, the rain refrained from falling, and, as one of the comrades said to an Enterprise man: "We do not expect a pleasant day, as was said, that it shall rain, then we feel satisfied."

The observances of the day were carried through in much the same manner as on numerous previous years. In fact, the day's program has become a sort of fixture, which refuses to be changed materially. The decoration of the graves, of course, formed the principal feature of the day. This with the speaking, made up the chief events of the day. All the exercises were simple and in complete accord with the spirit of the day.

A detailed report of the exercises will be found below.

POST 119, ARLINGTON.

In accordance with the orders of Commander C. H. Prentiss, the comrades of the post, the associates and the members of Camp 45, Sons of Veterans, assembled at the school house, G. A. R. hall in the morning. All were in full uniform, including belts and white gloves.

The first service of the day was performed by a detail of comrades, under the direction of the senior vice-commander, the officer of the day, and the chaplain. This party went, by cars, to St. Paul's Catholic cemetery, on Broadway, at the Somerville line, where the graves of G. A. R. comrades were decorated. The detail comprised 30 men.

One of the newer features of the day's observances, and a very pretty feature, was the taking of the school children to take part. Now that the youngest of the comrades are getting well along in years, it is fitting that they should be assisted by the school children, in their work of decorating the graves.

A group of children from the Crosby district met the veterans at the entrance to the cemetery, and under the direction of Corral Ira Kenison, performed this part of the work. The children appreciate the honor which is conferred on them by the Grand Army, in being allowed to take part in the work of decorating the graves.

The detail of comrades which went to the Catholic cemetery was not the only one which left the school house at 9 o'clock. There were two others. One went to the old cemetery on Pleasant street, adjoining the Unitarian church, to decorate the graves of the comrades at the junction of Massachusetts avenue and Broadway.

The former was under the command of the officer of the guard, and a drummer and bugler furnished music for the march. Ten comrades were in the detail. At the cemetery a group of school children, under the leadership of Comrade Sterling, awaited the coming of the veterans, impatient to begin their work of decorating the graves of deceased comrades, and also of heroes of the Revolution.

The latter detail brought into action all the remaining comrades, including the past commanders of the post. Past Commander Horace D. Durgin was in charge. The exercises there were, of course, incidentally, presented a very pretty, as well as appropriate appearance. Past Commander Durgin, it is known, with several assistants, was in charge of the exercises here, which were appropriate to the day and hour.

The exercises at these three places were not in any way separate from one another, for although the locations are widely removed from each other, it had been arranged that the work of decorating the graves should commence simultaneously in all three places. The signal was given about 9.30 o'clock, by a note on the fire alarm signal system.

As the several delegations completed their work in the three places, a start was made for the headquarters. Here, when all had arrived, the post formed in column and started for Mt. Pleasant cemetery, on Medford street.

The exercises there were, of course, the principal ones of the day. The parade passed up Massachusetts avenue to Medford street, and thence to the cemetery. The school children were preceded by a detail of police officers, under command of Patrolman Hooley by the Boston Military band, and by Camp 45, Sons of Veterans, Capt. W. A. Stevens commanding.

At the gate of the cemetery was Supt. of Schools Sutcliffe, in charge of a large delegation of school children. The latter were in line, with open columns, and the marchers passed through. Then the children in turn passed through the open column of veterans.

The work of decoration immediately commenced, the school children assisting as in the other places. The usual exercises were held at the soldiers' and sailors' lot, all the children being present. When the exercises had reached a completion, the line of march was again taken up, and the parade proceeded up Medford street to Massachusetts avenue, from the hall and then up the avenue to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, "The Maples," where the comrades and their friends were guests as in several previous years. The spacious grounds were the scene of the disposal of the veterans and their guests.

After this busy morning, the afternoon was arranged so that the veterans would not be too busy. About 11 o'clock barges left the hall, and proceeded to the town hall. Here the ladies were met, and all joined in Memorial day services. At their conclusion, all joined in a dinner served by the town of Belmont. This was followed by music and some speaking.

The party returned to Arlington in barges, and a short dress parade was held on the green in front of the Robbins library. Supper was served by the corps, in the hall.

The exercises of the evening were held in the town hall. The program was as follows: Singing, "Onward," Farmer, high school chorus; reading of orders, post adjutant; ritualistic services, post officers; singing, "The Lord is Great," from "Athalia," Mendelssohn, high school chorus; President Lincoln's Oration at Gettysburg, Master Robert J. Ford; singing, "The Bugler," basses, high school chorus; singing, "The School Chorus," oration, Post-Com. Col. George A. Bruce, of Somerville; America, chorus and congregation; benediction, Chaplain.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

AN EARLY WALK.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Suddenly, from the middle of the marsh, there is a noise, as if someone were driving a boat stalk. But no human is responsible for the sound. It is the booming of the American bittern. As we listen, the stake-driving seems to alternate with the working of an old pump. Translated into words, the sounds are like pump-kunk, kunk-kunk. The bird keeps hidden, though we can hear his pumping. One evening, while going along the shore of the same marsh, I saw a stake-driver standing perfectly still among the meadow weeds, his color harmonizing so well with the stump that it took a good eye to tell which was which. Creeping along, I was able to get near enough to watch him as he made the strange sounds. After a few moments, he thrust his neck and head into the air, paused, and then drew them down again, at the same moment the "kunk-kunk" striking my ears. After some snapping and gulping, as if to fill his lungs with air, the performance was repeated; and each time the bittern thrust his head and drew it down, the sound followed.

From a hidden bend of the brook, a summer duck with glistening plumage came into sight, uttering his musical "oo-kek." Sounds greet the ear on every side, and all are an expression of the bird's happy, thoughtless life. In a cedar tree, where an old milk can happens to have lodged, a red-headed woodpecker is delightedly drumming a reveille. To him it must be a wonderful instrument, which fortune, appreciating his genius for drumming, has draped in the scales for his benefit. Hereafter, an unresponsive tree trunk will never satisfy him.

These other sounds are added occasionally the flute-like note of the phoebe. The various sparrows everywhere enliven the grass and shrubs; and the bluebird, most brilliant of nature's courtiers, gladdens eye and ear with his plumage and song. The nest of his mate, with its pretty blue eggs, is at the bottom of a hole in some old apple tree. While the thrasher birds wake early, that for the morning may be as long as possible for their songs, the cynic owl, after his nocturnal meditations, sleeps amid the clouds. Like the den of an ogre, the vicinity of his habitation is often indicated by little balls of old dry feathers, hair and bones, at the foot of the tree. When an owl catches a mouse or small bird, he tears it to pieces and swallows feathers, bones, fur, and all. After the flesh is digested, the rest is rolled into pellets by the stomach, and regurgitated. Seeing the ground thus strewn around a hollow tree, we tap the trunk. There is a stir within, and when we look down, we see a screech owl and four little balls of yellow down. The young owls scan us with their glass-like eyes, turning their heads from side to side, while their bodies remain quiet. Owls do not always build in hollow trees. Once I found a nest in a deserted barn. It was made of the coarse feathers of a victim, bits of old wood, and a few wisps of hay. Though neither soft nor carefully woven, it was interesting, like the owl himself, so distinct and so cruel with his dismal cry, ugly face and cruel eyes that all night pierce the darkness in search of victims.

WILSON H. FAY, 1901.

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Atkinson, G. F. Studies of American fungi, mushrooms, edible, poisonous, etc.....1747-1
Bates, Morgan, Martin Brook.....1747-1
Beesly, A. H. The Gracchi, Marius and Sulla (Epochs of ancient history).....181
Belmont, Mass. Public Library. Fiction finding-list, 1901.....R. L.
Blanchard, Amy E. "Girl of '76".....1976-4
Brady, C. T. Under topsis and tents.....2125-30
Brooks, Elbridge S. *In defence of the flag (Young defender series).....2198-5
Story of the nineteenth century of the Christian era.....2-28
Carnegie, A. *Cyclopedia of wealth and other timely essays.....34-13
Cincinnati, Ohio. Public Library. Annual list of books added, 1900.....R. L.
Coe, G. A. Spiritual life: Studies in the science of religion.....24-11
Cooper, J. Fenimore. Water-witch; or, the skimmer of the seas.....268-213
Crockett, Sam'l. R. Silver skill.....318-13
Crowninshield, Mary B. Archbishop and the lady.....134-5
Dix, Beulah M. Making of Christopher.....340-1
Dunbar, Paul L. The fanatics.....352-2
Eggleston, E. Beginners of a nation.....917-24
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Eggleston, Geo. C. Carolina cavalier. Romance of the American Revolution.....364-6
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Fletcher, W. L. and Vera, eds. Annual literary index, 1900.....R. L.
Galt, John. The entail; or, the lords of Grippity, 2v.....411-1
Hare, A. C. Story of my life, v. 3, 4.....461-90
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May 25, 1901.

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GOLF NOTES.

In the play for the C. O. Hill cup on the links of the Arlington Golf club, Saturday Theodore Wolcott won three points, R. Dunbar two points, and W. G. Rice one point. The following scores were made:

Player	Gross H'd'p Net
Theodore Wolcott.....	113 20 93
R. Dunbar.....	128 35 93
W. G. Rice.....	121 27 94
G. O. Russell.....	128 30 98
H. F. Buckman.....	129 30 99
H. D. Hardy.....	130 30 100
H. F. Buhlert.....	127 22 105
M. M. L. Cushman.....	134 25 109
H. W. Spurr, Jr.....	143 30 113
J. J. C. Gray.....	143 30 113

A kickers' handicap was held on the course the same afternoon, and was won by W. G. Rice, with 127-24. The summary:

Player	Gross H'd'p Net
W. G. Rice.....	121 27 94
H. D. Hardy.....	130 35 95
H. F. Russell.....	128 24 104
H. F. Buckman.....	129 35 104
H. M. Cutter.....	147 40 107

The last matches in the first round of the spring handicap tournament of the club were played as follows:

N. L. Cushman beat H. W. Spurr, Jr., 4 up, 2 to play.
A. J. Bailey, Jr., beat W. A. Sears, default.
J. H. Hardy, Jr., beat Theodore Wolcott, 7 up, 6 to play.

A match game between the Arlington and Medford Golf clubs took place Saturday afternoon on the links of the latter club. During the game a ladies' handicap medal play was run off, which was won by Mrs. Cora Little, of Maiden. The score of the team match was as follows:

Player	Up
H. Wood.....	1
E. C. Woods.....	2
A. Hill.....	0
W. A. Sears.....	4
E. L. Rankin.....	4
Total.....	13
Medford.....	0
G. C. Dutton.....	0
A. L. Johnson.....	0
M. Hart.....	4
C. J. Lindsay.....	0
R. W. Sise.....	0
Total.....	4

During the progress of the game tea was given by Mrs. M. Foster.

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Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 238.
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Charles Gott, Arl. 33-3; house, Arl. 33-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 2856-3.
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W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 323-3.
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Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
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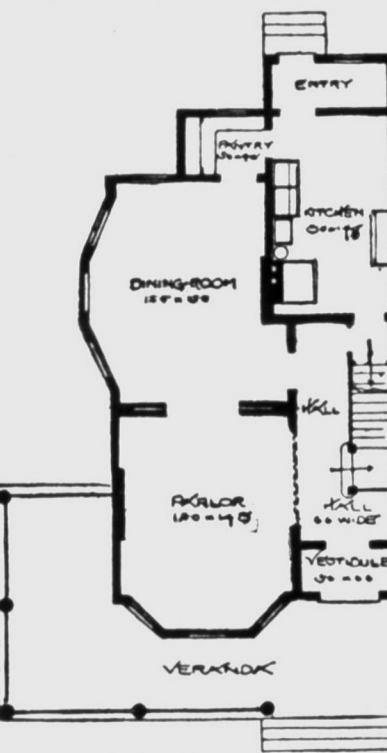
Simple but well arranged floor plans and attractive elevations are combined in this design. As all the dimensions of the rooms are marked on the plans, it will not be necessary for me to mention them. The hall and parlor are connected by a large grille opening with por-



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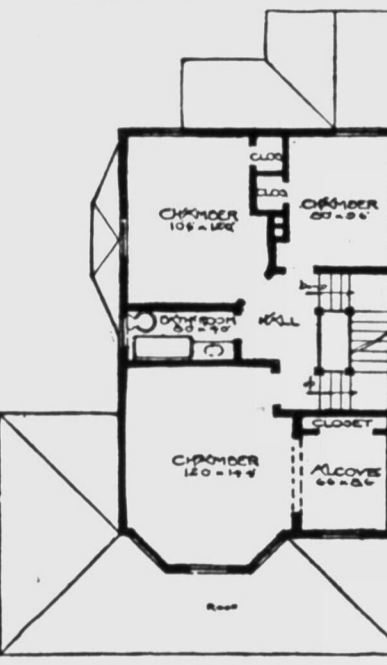
ties. The parlor is connected with the dining room by sliding doors. The pantry is provided with a china closet and shelves. The kitchen is fitted up with all the modern improvements. The entry on the rear is a splendid place for the icebox.

The second story has three large bedrooms, an alcove and a bathroom. The



attic has two finished rooms and a large open attic for storage. The cellar floor is concrete and is fitted up with coal bins and furnace.

The exterior is covered with white pine bevel siding painted a colonial cream



with white trimmings. The gables are shingled, as is the roof. The underpinning is brick. The roof of the veranda is ornamented with a balustrade. The buttress for the columns is shingled. Dimensions—front, 20 feet, not including piazza; side, 34 feet 6 inches; height of stories—cellar, 7 feet; first story, 10 feet; second story, 9 feet 6 inches.
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Left to himself, the architect will seldom make any mistake in such matters, but it is when and in such cases as the above, or where the intending builder has a clear idea of what is correct in color, form and price, that it is of supreme importance that your tastes and preferences be made known before the specifications are prepared.

Don't allow yourself to become the victim of any fad in such matters. If your new home is to be in the colonial style, it is just as important that the hardware should carry out the idea as that the mantels or doors should.—American Homes.

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Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p. m.

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No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

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Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.

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Mrs. Tahamont, a famous woman model, is a pure, full blooded member of the Abenaki tribe, which formerly lived in northern Maine and now has its reservation in Canada.

Her people, numbering less than 1,000 members, are well to do, and follow farming as their chief occupation. In her early days Mrs. Tahamont was considered the most beautiful of her tribe. The fast passing away of the original Indian people, together with their color and picturesqueness, is genuine regret to



MRS. TAHAMONT.

the Indian painters and artists. Consequently a typical and full blooded representative of this race is much in demand for posing purposes.

Possessing as she does superior mental gifts, an unusually characteristic Indian face and varied beautiful Indian costumes, Mrs. Tahamont is looked upon as an ideal subject for illustrating. One of the most noted paintings in which she appears is the large wall decoration in the lobby of a hotel in New York by the artist Tuttle.

The picture represents Peter Minuet buying the island of Manhattan from the Indians for the sum of \$24 in wampum belts. The head of the Indian chief's wife, the most prominent Indian woman in the foreground, is that of Mrs. Tahamont.—Boston Globe.

Baby's Accidents.

In a book upon "baby's accidents" we find some useful notes on first aid in cases of burns and scalds, bruises, dislocations, cuts, etc. Burns and scalds, it seems, are such common accidents among children, especially among the poorer classes, that about 8,000 lives are lost every year from these causes.

"Should a child's clothes catch fire smother with anything handy," says Mrs. Hewer—"your own dress if nothing better offers. Never wait and call for help, and never carry the child elsewhere till every particle of flame has been extinguished. Scalds and burns produce an alarming amount of shock and prostration, especially if the surface involved be large. While waiting for a doctor cover up the affected part with soft rags dipped in sweet oil and give the child some brandy."

We are further told that in the case of slight scalds or scorchs a mixture of equal parts of collodion and castor oil well mixed together and applied with a soft paint brush will allay the pain at once. A solution of bicarbonate of soda made as strong as possible and applied with soft rags will also quickly give relief.

If the part be only scorched, fine flour or whiting may be dusted on and covered with cotton wool. If, however, the skin be really burned, an oily or greasy application will be the best. An ointment of vaseline and eucalyptus oil or one of boric acid and lard or oil and lime water spread on strips of lint or linen should be applied to the affected part, covered by a layer of cotton wool and kept in position by bandages.

As a remedy for bruises Mrs. Hewer advocates a little spirit lotion of eau de cologne and a plentiful supply of grease to lessen the discoloration.

Her advice on concussion should be laid to heart by those who have the care of children. "In case of concussion," she says, "even if slight, put the child to bed, darken the room and keep everything quiet. Feed the child very lightly and, if necessary, give a little castor oil. Quiet and sleep are what the child needs. It is impossible to predict with certainty how such a case may end, and a doctor should always be called in."

Children often wound themselves with knives and scissors. Mrs. Hewer's advice in such cases is to apply a small piece of lint to the wound and keep it on until healing has set in. "In the case of deep wounds where the bleeding will not stop put on a piece of lint and bind up very tightly with a long strip of rag, used as a bandage, and the bleeding will probably not recur. But the bandage should be loosened in a few hours, or the part may mortify from the pressure employed."

Women's Ill Used Eyes.

The other day a woman, calling for advice concerning her failing eyesight at the office of an oculist, took up a looking glass about the size of a half dollar and began to twist her neck about in her efforts to see the back of her head in the large mirror behind her. The eye specialist watched her with lowering brows. "It's a wonder to me," he said, "that half the women in the land are not cross eyed. The contortions to which they subject the muscles of the eyes in their efforts to see themselves as others see them are something awful."

"If an acrobat on the stage should perform with his limbs the feats that the average woman does with her eyes day

after day, he would be advertised as a marvel of agility. But he couldn't do it. He couldn't stand it.

"And the women are not going to stand it always either. They are bound to pay the penalty of their abnormal optical exercise some time. It isn't natural for the eyes to be pulled and hauled from right to left and turned inside out every time a woman puts on her hat to go to the meat market, and they're going to make her suffer for the unnecessary strain put upon them. Only yesterday I had a patient who put up a most pitiful wail about the condition of her eyes."

"They don't seem straight any more," she said. "They give an observer the impression that I am looking 17 ways for Sunday at one time."

"Yes," I said, "and they will continue to look so and even worse if you don't quit rolling them about."

"How do you know I roll them about?" she asked.

"Nothing else would make them so crooked," I said.

"Then by degrees I drew from her the information that she had a little mole around at the base of her right ear, and in trying to doctor the blemish she would roll her eyes till the pupils were almost lost in her head. And then she wondered why her eyes were crooked."

"If I had my way, I'd smash half the hand glasses in the country, especially those little pocket editions that necessitate twisting the eyes half out of their sockets to see the desired part of the head and face. I suppose it is quite natural for a woman to want to take a look at her back hair before going on the street, but justice to her eyes demands that her hand mirror be considerably bigger than a 10 cent piece."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Cards During Illness.

When the fact of the illness of a friend or acquaintance becomes known, those on calling terms feel it incumbent upon them to make personal inquiries respecting the condition of the invalid. They therefore leave cards without delay with "To inquire" written upon them. Married ladies leave one of their own cards and occasionally one of their husbands' cards, but not unless an invalid is a personal friend of the husbands as well as of the wives in question. In the case of a grave illness lasting some weeks it is usual to leave cards, say, twice during its course, as regards acquaintances; intimate friends would naturally call more frequently. When the invalid is a daughter of the lady called upon, married ladies only leave their own cards, and not their husbands' cards.

Cards of inquiry during illness should be left in person, that inquiries may be made on the occasion of so doing; also they could be sent by a servant instructed to make inquiries. But these cards should not be sent by post, as they would fall of their purpose in that case, the object being to ascertain the progress of an invalid toward recovery. On the other hand, cards of sympathy may be sent by post if distance prevents their being left in person or by a servant, as the object is to convey sympathy, and not to make inquiries.

How the above cards should be acknowledged is the other side of the subject. In former days inquiries received during illness were responded to by calling on the inquirer when sufficiently recovered to do so. But as change of air is generally prescribed to complete convalescence, whatever the nature of an illness may have been, it is considered preferable not to postpone acknowledgments until so distant a date. Therefore, cards of thanks for kind inquiries are left by a member of an invalid's family or sent by a servant as soon as the recovery is assured. "Many thanks for kind inquiries" is written at the top of ladies' visiting cards. The cards of the husbands are not sent on these occasions.

Concerning the acknowledgment of cards of sympathy and condolence and also letters of the same, it is usual to do this as soon after a funeral has taken place as possible.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Too Good to Throw Away.

Every woman when making half yearly inspection of her closets and trunks has probably experienced the great difficulty of deciding what to keep and what to give or throw away as useless. Perhaps there is no department of housekeeping in which the natural depravity of inanimate objects is more exemplified than in such selections. Some garment or piece of material has been kept year after year just because it is "too good to throw away." It has been taken from the town house to the country house and back again from the country house to the town house, and the expected need for it has never occurred, says the New York Tribune. Finally the owner is quite tired out waiting until it may be useful and gives it away with a bundle of old clothes; whereupon, of course, the long looked for occasion arrives when its need is almost imperative and something must be bought to fill a necessity for which the missing object would have been "just the thing."

Many women get queerly attached to their old clothes, to the various rich materials that have composed their dinner gowns and other handsome toilets. They cannot bear to treat with disrespect material that has been very costly, and the consequence is they accumulate a regular storehouse during years of prosperous living.

"Mary is never happy without her rags," laughed the husband of one of these thrifty dames. "She carts trunks around with her filled with old clothes, and yet she is forever getting new ones. We actually had to build an addition to our house to accommodate them."

"Nonsense, James," interpolated his wife indignantly. "You know very well that you yourself suggested that we should copy that lovely wardrobe room in one of Violet de Luc's interiors of an old French chateau. But I do love my things," she confessed; "my laces, my brocades and my velvets. All are quite dear to me, and I do not mean to have them divided up until I am dead."

They Work For Uncle Sam.

Male clerks in government offices in Washington are disappearing. More than one-third of the 7,637 clerks hired by Uncle Sam at his business headquarters are women.

It is estimated that 40 per cent of the clerkships which fall vacant in Washington are filled by women; if the ratio of increase continues for two generations, the male employee will disappear except in the higher places.

Women were first permitted to become employees in government offices in 1862, when Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase appointed six women clerks. At first they drew only half the wages paid to men, the government figuring that

it took two women to do the work of one man.

But in the dead letter office, after women were employed in that department, it was found that one woman could in one day's work open, examine and return 250 letters, when theretofore one man had opened and returned only 125. Thus woman established a new standard of work, and it hustled the men to keep up, and they've been hustling better ever since.

In the early days many bills were introduced in congress discriminating against women employees, but they received little support. Congress did once pass a bill fixing the maximum salary for female clerks at \$900 per annum. This was in force for several years, but in 1870 an amendment was passed which removed the discrimination.

Oppression of Human Faces.

"Have you ever noticed," she said, "the agonized expression on the faces of nearly all the women whom you see as strangers on the streets and in public conveyances if they happen to be alone? Every one looks worried, cross or miserable. All the small perplexities and anxieties incident to their various occupations and purposes are written legibly on their faces. If they have companions, however, it is different; the American woman forgets her troubles as easily as a French woman, and her countenance becomes animated, agreeable and often charming. It is not only among the surging crowd that one sees these unhappy looking countenances, but those who roll by in open carriages, if they happen to be alone, have the same expression of worried care and added to it a certain hauteur, an unbecoming lift of the eyebrows, that is either due to the difficulty of keeping their bonnets straight in the wind or in consciousness of high steppers and footmen. But, whatever the reason and whether the women are rich or poor, not one woman in 50 possesses the art of keeping a smooth, pleasant countenance in the street when her face is at rest. It seems to me that it would be a very good thing for parents and teachers to remedy this national fault in their charges before it is too late."

How to Make Cold Creams.

In preparing creams or lotions it must be remembered that the formula should be followed exactly if certain results are expected.

Fats or oils should be melted over a slow fire by the least possible heat and in a double boiler preferably. The method as given of adding the other ingredients should be closely adhered to. Tinctures and extracts are invariably added at the last, when the mixture has slightly cooled, and drop by drop or at least very slowly.

Glycerin properly used is an invaluable cosmetic. It whitens, softens and dissolves coloring matter when carefully combined with other agents, such as rose, elder flower or orange water. It is very injurious used in concentrated form, as it burns, parches and yellows the skin.

Fats are the basis of all cold creams. Wax and spermaceti are often added to give requisite firmness, but possess no intrinsic value. They are inclined to clog the pores. Perfumes, aside from being agreeable additions, possess antiseptic qualities and prevent the oils from being rancid.—Stella Stuart in Ledger Monthly.

All the Difference.

The difference between French and American toilets does not lie in the shape or the material of the dress as much as in the way it is worn. A well dressed Parisian does not trouble about ordering something absolutely new. Novelty is not her object. She seeks of course the latest make in skirts and boleros, but she does not give so much attention to the inedit. Her great aim is that the silhouette should be perfect, and there is no surer test of good dressing than to judge the effect of a figure at a distance. The line, what the French call la ligne, must first be studied. The details of revers, cuffs and cravats then follow. We, as a rule, make the mistake of giving too much attention to detail and not sufficient thought to the broad lines. If we would look at ourselves through a looking glass at some distance off and without the preconceived idea that we were to see our own reflection, we should see faults that would be very easy to correct, chiefly in the length of our skirts in front and the way our hats are placed upon our heads.

Mary and Martha.

Mrs. Fanny C. Hays, a missionary in China, tells an amusing anecdote in The Century of a native woman's hospitality:

One afternoon's experience gave me an excellent commentary on the story of Mary and Martha. I was most warmly welcomed by my hostess, who wished to do something for my refreshment, so she decided she would poach me a couple of eggs. In vain I protested that I had but an hour before eaten my dinner; that I had only a short time to stay with her and could not visit her again, perhaps for years; that to please me best she must sit down beside me for a quiet talk. No; she must show in her own way how much she appreciated the visit, so she started a fire in her little range, which immediately filled the room with smoke; she hustled about and poached the eggs, amid the loud advice and kindly criticism of her friends, who were too much distracted to listen to my remarks, and as I prepared to eat one of the eggs, to please the poor woman, a message came that the shenzas was at the door, and I must leave at once.

The Virtues of the Apple.

The apple, says Dr. G. R. Searles, is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can ever come to even a delicate system by the eating of a couple of ripe and juicy apples just before the hour for going to bed.—Ledger Monthly.

Mary Wilkins' Way.

Mary Wilkins, the novelist, keeps three stories going all the time and has a separate typewriting machine for each story. In response to the usual question put to authors as to their working hours Miss Wilkins says, with a touch of drolery: "Yes, I have regular working hours. They are in the morning. I never write in the evening."

She confesses that she works best when her publishers are urging her to send more copy. Like many persons, she procrastinates and waits until the last minute and then fails to work in earnest.

TO FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

Just a word and a nod for the plodderly
It's as little as you can give;
Just a smile from you
And a handshake, too;
It will sweeten the life they live.

Ever leave them behind on the journey
Won't you stop for a kindly chat?
It will light their load
As they trudge the road.
Have you ever once thought of that?

Give a lift to the tollborn and weary
Who are scaling the up hill grade;
They will bless your name
By a priceless fame
Which eternity cannot fade.

Let the milk of your great human kindness
Soothe and sweeten the cares they bear,
And the God above
Will reward your love
When you go hence to meet him there.
—Newton Newkirk in Ohio State Journal.

Trailed by Indians.

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS IN NEVADA.

The old Indian hunter laid down his paper saying: "I've been amused mightily to hear some folks discussing the threatened outbreak among the redskins, the coolness with which they talk of such and the sneaking sympathy they've got with the devils. I'd just like to take such and give them just a month's residence on the plains when the Indians are holding councils and breathing out fire and murder and worse. I tell you, I'd hear mighty little talk of sympathy then and see precious little coolness. But it takes us, who have gone through such, to know the horrors of an Indian war, the terrors threatening not men alone, but women and children—aye, the very baby in the cradle. I don't believe in people's hair turning white with trouble and anxiety, for mine would be as white as cotton if such would do it. Especially once did I have a fearful experience with redskins. Want to hear about it?"

"Well, it was in 1848, and I'd been out trading among the Flatheads and the Nez Percés for nearly two years off and on, when one day I caught on to a scheme the Flatheads had got up to raid a little settlement near to where Canton, Nev., now stands. There were three families living there, and the plan was to wait until the men went to Carson City for provisions, when the women and children were to be killed and the cattle run off by one party, while another waylaid the men on the way back and murdered them. I was up about Winnemucca when I got hold of this, and I set off for Canton as hard as I could go, but the men were gone by the time I reached the settlement, which was called Ridley's camp. I had reason to fear the Indians were only a few hours behind me, and we had to move quickly. Our only chance was to hide out in the mountains till they left the neighborhood or to work our way as best we could by night to Carson City.

"It was useless to think of saving the men, so I just kept that part of the business to myself. There were in all 13 of us, two women and their seven children, and three little chaps, whose mother had died the week before and me. The first thing I did while the women were getting ready was to stampede the cattle and horses to keep the Indians from getting them; then, as we started, I shut up the houses to keep the redskins as long as possible there before they found out the people had run away.

"We made the little creek called Snake river by daylight, and after reconnoitering I made the whole party wade out to an island in the middle, which was about 20 by 30 feet and covered with flags and rushes and some stunted willows. Here we lay all day, for the most part down on our stomachs under the brush. Of course we could build no fire or move about, so we ate the cold victuals the women had brought along, and I dipped up water in my cap. Twice parties of Indians stopped not a hundred yards below where we were to water their horses, but judging from their actions I knew they did not suspect any one was near them, but were probably on their way to Ridley's. They did not linger, but rode on at once, much to my relief, for all the time they were within hearing I am sure I did not draw a breath a minute for fear one of the children would cry out, when we would have all been massacred, but the poor little things, with the exception of a child a few weeks old, were too badly scared to stir or speak unless bidden, and, as for the women, they put any man I ever saw to shame with their calmness and courage.

"When night came, we struck out for a line of hills lying about five miles away, where I counted on finding a cave, or at least a hiding place. Of course I and the women and the larger children could have made it without difficulty, but being obliged to wait on the little ones and to carry them every half mile or so we were nearly all night getting to the nearest hill. We'd gone about a mile when low down on the horizon I saw a dull glow and knew the Indians were burning the camp and that they'd be on our trail in a little while. When we got to the hill, I could see nothing like a cave, and while it was pretty heavily wooded there was no place to hide where the Indians would not spy us directly. I was looking about me when I caught a glimpse of a black bear running around a rocky spur about half way up the hill. I followed just in time to see her go tumbling or climbing down a sort of gash in the earth, which I knew must be her den. Without stopping I jumped after her and found myself in a little cave about 10 by 10 feet, but with another larger one leading away toward the center of the hill.

"The bear began to growl when she saw me, and I saw, too, when my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, that she had two cubs in the den with her, which she was going to defend. So, aiming as carefully as I could, I fired at her, breaking her skull, after which I killed the two cubs and transferred my party to the cave. The last of the cold meat and bread was then eaten, and the women and children, creeping into the larger division, which was, however, only about four feet in height, went to rest. But I was too anxious to rest, so I hoisted myself out of the cavern and climbed to the top of the hills to see if I could see ought of the Indians.

"Several times it seemed to me that I saw a band moving along the line of the

horizon, and, while the specks might have been cattle, I thought it best to stay where we were all that day, that night and the next day. Our great trouble was water, which had to be brought from a spring on the other side of the hill, and as only a small quantity could be brought at a time, my cap being the only vessel we had, the children especially suffered a great deal. At last one of the women discovered a flat rock with a hollow dip in the middle which would hold about two quarts or so, and I kept this filled as a cistern. I ventured that night to roast a piece of the bear in a hole in the ground, which change of diet was a welcome one. I never passed such a time since I was born, for I dared not sleep an hour for fear of a surprise, and the weight of responsibility I felt, with those poor helpless creatures on my hands, was simply awful.

"Late on the second day, when I climbed the hill for a last look, I saw a small band of Indians not more than an eighth of a mile away. They did not number more than seven, but were armed and in full war dress and were heading straight for the hill. Dropping on all fours, I ran as fast as I could for the mouth of the cavern and, scrambling down, soon had the women and children crouched up in the far end of the larger division, where no shots fired into the smaller could reach them, though I hoped the Indians would either pass by altogether or fail to find us if they halted. Silence then was an absolute necessity, and the women impressed this on the children. I then went back and by clinging to one of the bushes swinging across the entrance to the cave peered out to see what the redskins meant to do. I could see they had struck our trail and suspected we were somewhere about, for they dismounted and, scattering, began to search the woods.

"As they drew near our hiding place I dropped down into it and cocked the guns the women had brought and my own trusty rifle. I suppose my frequent goings in and comings out had left some trace, for they seemed to notice the entrance at once, and presently I saw a head peering over. The dim light of the cave might have prevented the owner from seeing me, but, as ill luck would have it, the infant child I spoke of wailed out just at this particular moment. The cry was stifled in an instant, but it had been heard, and the head craned over further, while another and another popped over. I was crouching down as close as I could, but hearing the click of a trigger I knew concealment was no longer possible and blazed away. Two screams told me a couple of heads had been hit, and the third disappeared. I heard a voice shouting for the others to come up and could distinguish the tones of a colloquy being held, though without hearing what was said.

"Presently a lighted torch was flung into the cave, but I had retreated into the farther one, and, nothing being visible, the Indians were nonplused, and I heard one cry out that there was nothing there. Another retorted angrily that some one had killed Blue Water and Leaping Turtle. This was followed by a patter of shots on the floor of the cave, one of which, rebounding, struck one of the children on the breast, but, though the bullet imbedded itself in his skin, the plucky little fellow did not utter a sound. As their firing still produced no effect, the Indians did not know how to account for matters, and presently one of them was imprudent enough to stick his head over the edge, but I made no move, and they held another council. It was evident that they feared to enter the cave, not knowing how many lay concealed within it, and at last they hit on the very plan I had been dreading.

"A lighted torch was thrown over, and a quantity of leaves and moss was pushed after it, but their amiable intention of smoking us out failed, owing to the dampness of the leaves and moss and my having deluged the earthen floor of the cave with all the water we had on hand. Seeing this fail, they summoned up courage to enter the cavern, and as we saw the five forms leap into our hiding place we opened fire on them. I killed my man instantly, and so did Mrs. Ridley, who immediately let a dusky devil who, screaming, rushed upon her have the full contents of the other barrel in his breast. The other woman missed her aim and the next moment was in the grasp of one of the Indians, but before I could come to her rescue her son, a boy of 12, had flung his arms around the redskin's neck and, hanging on his back, kept him from striking, when the woman, picking up a tomahawk, struck him a tremendous blow on the forehead. He dropped like a log, crushing the boy beneath him. The remaining Indian, seeing his companions fall, made a break for the entrance and was just climbing out when I caught him and, firing, brought him down with a broken arm and a ball in his side.

"Seeing him helpless and thinking him dying, I did not shoot again, but went back to the women, whom I found shrieking with excitement. I quieted them and congratulated them on their courage, which, however, was entirely gone as soon as the call for it was over. I rolled the Indian off the boy, who was considerably bruised by the weight of the dead body, but otherwise not hurt. The wounded Indian I found to be an old acquaintance of mine, and, seeing he was dying rapidly, I did not disturb him. He told me that, finding Ridley's Camp deserted, the main party had gone back home, but that, suspecting me of having warned them, some of the young hot bloods had followed us to be avenged on me. They were pretty certain that I was the only man in the party, but did not know but what others had joined us.

"Well, we took possession of the ponies and were able to travel much more rapidly, though had it not been nearly desperate to think of walking in our exhausted condition I would not have risked riding them, for a man on foot has 20 chances on the plains to one the mounted fellow has. We reached Carson City without further adventure, though starvation and thirst and fatigue were our constant companions, and there found the woman's husband and the other man, who were just starting home. I had to get a doctor to give me something to quiet my nerves, for for eight days and nights I had not slept more than 30 minutes out of every 24 hours, and even after all were safe I could not quit listening for noises."

Antiquity of the Rose.

The rose dates back 4,000 years to the tertiary period. It belongs to a useful as well as ornamental family, as many of our best fruits are developed from it, or rather from divergent branches of the rose family. From a creeping potentilla the rose, after the lapse of age, has emerged the queen of flowers.—Chicago Herald.

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.

Saturday, June 1, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg., Arlington.
 Frank R. Daniels, 606 Mass. avenue, Arlington.
 Mrs. Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue, Heights.
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 J. C. McDonald, L. & B. waiting room, Heights.
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

If "A Citizen," whose very interesting letter reached this office yesterday morning, will send us his name and address, as a guarantee of good faith, his letter will appear in next Saturday's Enterprise. The publishers are ever ready to print the views of the readers on all sorts of subjects, but we cannot take notice of anonymous communications. It is not necessary that the names should be published, nor would we divulge the identity of any author, but we insist on having the names in our possession, else the letters will not appear.

"CLASS IN GRAMMAR."

In last week's issue of the Enterprise, in referring to Phillips, Emerson, Parker and that class of men, we wrote as follows: "Such consummate ability are century plants." A friend of broad learning and culture tells us that we should have written, "such consummate ability is," not are, etc. And all this brings up the question which we have discussed in a recent issue of the Enterprise. Our friend is right according to all the rules of grammar in the criticism made. And yet we insist that our sentence, "Such consummate ability are century plants," is a more euphonic rendering than "such consummate ability is century plants." So we unadvised and upon our own authority will ever claim that the verb may agree in number with its predicate nominative. Instead of its subject nominative. We respectfully refer this whole question to the class in grammar, or in language, in our high school. Will someone of that class give the Enterprise his or her opinion of the sentence on which we have been unfavorably criticised, and also give us the reason of such opinion?

THE LILAC.

The lilac comes to us all at this season of the year as a breath from the country. Indeed, it is country born. It blooms in poor men's gardens. Its fragrance is for the little bare-foot boy as he makes his way to the district school. The lilac, laden with the perfume of the earlier summertime, makes no class distinction in its diffusive sweetness. The commonest of flowers and yet the queen of them all. The distinguished Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, somewhere tells how, many years ago, when homesick and wearied well nigh to death at hunting for work soon after arriving in this country from his good old Devonshire home in England, that he passed on the road a lilac bush in full bloom, and how, on getting permission from the owner of the garden, he entered therein and, hugging as enthusiastically joy plucked a whole armful of the blossoms that sang so sweetly to him of the home of his youth. And this is the peculiar attraction and significance of the lilac. It tells of home. We never catch its peculiar sweetness without being carried back to the old red schoolhouse up in New Hampshire where on the summer mornings we piled high the teacher's desk with lilacs. We thank God for the lilac. Its coming is an invitation to the favorite bush we so loved when a boy, and which, after these many years, we so love to call to remembrance. The lilac is our flower.

THE LAWN MOWER.

While we are a good deal liberal in our religious views, and while we give a generous latitude to the observance of the Sabbath, still we believe it to be altogether foreign to good taste and the fitness of things that the click of the lawn mower should anywhere be heard in Arlington on a Sunday. We believe more than this, for we do not for a moment question that it is morally wrong for one to make a workday of his Sunday by busying himself upon his private grounds. As a matter of mere courtesy we owe something to our neighbors, and to our religious organizations by way of Sabbath observance. And then again, by our personal example we owe especially the children of Arlington much more.

There is no man in Arlington who can give good and sufficient reason why he should trot out his lawn mower on a Sunday morning for the purpose of doing that which should only be done on a week day. And yet the click of the lawn mower is more or less frequently heard upon the Sabbath day right here in Christian Arlington. Why not do things decently and in order? In getting away from the Puritan Sunday we have gone at breakneck speed to the other extreme. Better have too much Sunday than not enough of it. A liberalism that has no sort of regard for well established usage is an unfortunate possession both for the individual and for the public. At any rate keep your lawn mowers housed over the Sabbath, and what is more, it wouldn't do you a bit of harm if you were to attend church. Just try it, you "liberal minded, independent thinker," and see for yourself how it works.

THAT ARLINGTON EAGLE.

That bald eagle which was captured in Arlington something more than a year ago may now be seen in lifelike form in the studio of Prof. George H. Bartlett at 214 Boylston street, Boston. Prof. Bartlett has painted the bird in oil on canvas, six feet by four. The professor is familiar with the scenery and high altitudes of the Rocky Mountains, so the bird is represented on the canvas as being placed at a high point among the Rockies. This Arlington American eagle is surrounded with a vast outstretching

expanse with the azure of the iridescent quality of the atmosphere peculiar to those high altitudes. The name of the picture is "An American Painting," and fittingly so, because it is the painting of the bird in its own natural environment. The terraced peaks and dome-like form of the mountain where the bird is placed is beautifully lighted up by the rays of the morning sun, while the mist below are being burned away. One is impressed in every way with the naturalness of the picture, and with the magnificent heights of the Rocky Mountains. It was only the other day that we spent a pleasant hour with Prof. Bartlett among his pictures at his studio in Boston. Prof. Bartlett is a good deal distinguished in the world of art. He has been for many years, and is now the principal of the Massachusetts State Normal School of Art, and for the past thirty years has been master of the evening schools of art in Boston. It is especially pleasant for us to write this editorial line of Prof. Bartlett and his work as he is one of our townsmen, having his home at 216 Pleasant street. Arlington should own that beautiful picture of the eagle captured within its borders.

THAT CREED.

That creed, and a religious creed by the way, which damns all unbaptized infants, and makes sure the salvation of only God's elect few, is again bothering our Presbyterian brethren. It seems hardly possible in this the beginning of the 20th century, that any individual could be found who is unwilling to take from the Presbyterian creed the damnation of infants, and yet a substantial minority of just such Presbyterian Christians is found. Just for a moment think of consigning a sweet, innocent infant to the endless tortures of a burning hell! It would hardly be more irreverent, outrageous and blasphemous to consign the Christ who so loved the children to the tortures of that same hell. It ought to be taken into consideration by every man, woman and child of the Presbyterian denomination, that when that repulsive and repellent creed was written there were some two hundred and fifty offences in London made punishable with death. In those earlier times there was no God known other than one of the supreme justice. In those days He was a God of anger, and seldom or never was he worshipped as a God of love. God with an avenging sword was everywhere preached, and so, naturally enough, the written creed was filled with the murmurings and the threats of an angry God. The religion which gave birth to the Westminster confession of faith was of that abhorrent kind which recognized what was then supposed to be a fact, that man should be willing to be damned for the glory of God. So that in those days, hell became a necessity, and to populate it with a respectable majority of the human kind it seemed necessary to damn the non-elect and all unbaptized infants, and thus came that awful creed, over which the Presbyterians have been at swords' points for so many years. The Presbyterian church better by far, without further discussion, accept the scriptural truth that unless one becomes as the little child he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven, and forever blot out from its written creed the damnation of infants. Men and women have become too intelligent in our day to be willing to be damned for the glory of God, and what is better than all else, we have a God who recognizes the supreme fact that the loss of those intelligences whom He has created could in no way augment His glory. Why not be as reasonable in our religious beliefs as we are in worldly matters? Why longer make a God that shall harmonize with our own perverted and bigoted notion of things? Why not accept the fact that He, the Omnipotent One, is a loving Father who will finally bring every son and daughter whom He has created unto Himself? Our Presbyterian friends, if they are wise, will so re-write their creed that no longer will a loving and omniscient God be offended and outraged by such stupendous idiocy of a creed that damns innocent childhood.

THIS 30th DAY OF MAY.

This 30th day of May on which we write brings to us all the memory of the brave boys who wore the blue, and the memory of the brave boys who wore the gray, for both the armies of the north and the armies of the south fought during those five long years of the Rebellion for love of home and for love of country. The early years of the sixties proved to the world that love of country is something more than mere sentiment with the American people. To give up family and home and life itself for the maintenance of a vital principle is the highest possible test of loyalty. Our northern armies went forth to battle with the supreme faith that finally the right would and must prevail. They fought as soldiers of God. They had received the divine call, and so they went forth with the benediction of all heaven upon them. And yet what sacrifices were made that the eternal decree of right and justice should stand forevermore unrevoked!

That last good bye given by the soldier father to wife and children, had in it the spirit and sublime heroism of the martyr, and the wife and the children evinced the Christ-like as they gave up their dear ones that the country which the fathers had purchased with their blood, should be saved for all time.

Ah, let this Memorial day continue throughout all the years to come as a loving tribute to those who fought and died that we might live. As those brave boys went on and up from the battle field, the gates of heaven must have swung open their widest for the triumphant entrance therein of those heroic souls. Baptized in blood their redemption has been made complete.

"To you, our noble, precious dead, the American people will ever give their first pangs of thanksgiving and praise, and while we drop a tear for the dear ones who are not, we will at the same time shout our loudest hosannas that the God of battles gave to you now risen and glorified, a victory which is for us and for our children and for our children's children. O ye, immortal dead, who so willingly gave up your lives on the field of carnage, you still live in the depths of loving hearts and there will evermore live. To die in a noble cause is to be born with that birthright which brings one into possession of all heaven with its infinite wealth of love. God bless the

memory of our fallen and ascended brave."

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

There is during the summer and autumn months an indescribable charm to be seen and deeply felt all along the country road. He who has been away from his rural home for however many years can never forget the winding road that led past the house where so many happy children, in the earlier times, played about the door, and along which they made their way to the little district school, whistling in childish joy those sweet notes set to nature all aglow with country life. It was on Sunday last that, with a friend, we sat out on one of these country lanes, as they are sometimes called, that we might see the country all about with the first outburst of the summer time. The road we took led away from one of our most attractive New England cities, and yet, by contrast, the surrounding country was all the more to be enjoyed. There are always certain conditions to be filled in order that one's walk may answer the full purpose of a tramp along the dusty highway and through the open field, and into pastures where the cattle graze or leisurely chew their cud. In the first place, you need along with you a most companionable, responsive friend, and then your walk should be taken either in the early morning or in the later afternoon, when the rays of the declining sun soften the picture formed by earth and air and sky. Just such a friend we had with us on our Sunday tramp, and the hour was one that told of the coming on of the "bewitching twilight," so that we were in that receptive mood which readily takes in the best that nature has to offer. We made our way slowly from the terminus of the electric railway, up the rising slope of our country highway, from the heights of which we could see long and inviting stretches of several country roads reaching out to the distances beyond. At infrequent intervals came the substantial, comfortable farm house, which told in a language that could not be misinterpreted, of that quiet and happiness which are the accompaniments of rural life. Nothing can be more delightful at this season of the year, than a generous glimpse of your country home surrounded by and made fragrant with the sweet perfume of the lilac and the honeysuckle. Coming to one of these out-spreading and inviting bushes of Persian bloom, we involuntarily pulled the bell of the home which caught and owned the sweetness of this rare exotic, that we might beg of the good lady of the house a single lilac to give an added pleasure to our country hour. In reply to our request we and our friend were laden with the choicest of the floral world.

And then our way was made golden by the dandelion to be seen on every side.

"Dear common flowers, that growst beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold."

So wrote Lowell in one of his happiest moods.

On and on we went, allowing nothing to escape our notice, when at last we came to the pasture from which the cows were returning to their barn-yard home there to give from their well filled udders the children's life. Into this pasture so inviting we made our way, and there seated upon one of the everlasting rocks that came down centuries ago from the icy regions of the north we could exclaim with voices all attuned to our surroundings: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." Milton sings: "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

What country boy is there in all the wide world who does not delight in driving the cows to pasture in the early morning, and bringing them home at night? And who of us older grown from the country does not in his look backward, more or less frequently drive again the cows to pasture, and then go for them at night?

O, the sweet memories of country life are a fortune to men and women in the city. And there we and our friend sat and mused and talked of life and its environments as found in the world as God has made it, until the sun was fast approaching its setting.

As we homeward turned our steps we said how delightful is all this far-away outlook! For turn the eye which ever way we would, there we saw God in His infinite creation. We had made but a short distance on our returning way when we came to the quaint old farm house something more than a hundred years old, upon the stoop of which we exchanged greetings with a good natured gray-headed old man, making ready a mess of greens for the boiling pot. He told us he was almost a "forty-niner," as he went to California in 1862 where he remained in the mines for twelve years. And then he added with commendable pride and satisfaction, "I am seventy-eight years old, my father was eighty-seven years old at the time of his death, and my grandfather was eighty-five years old when he died." So naturally enough when we bade him good-bye we said, "You evidently have a promising future before you yet, right here upon the earth," to all of which our aged friend gave a pleasing assent; for who is he who does not regard an aged ancestry a good life-insurance upon himself? Well, a little further on finding that we hadn't a single match about us, we made bold to call at an humble cottage that we might "get a light," for our friend did not object to the rich fragrance of a choice Havana. And so it was that between occasional whiffs, we kept up our sight-seeing and our roadside chat until we came to the electric which took us to the home of our friend in the city.

Our outing was a delightful one, and it was replete with the country at its best. We have no apologies to offer for writing so frequently in an editorial way of country life. We thus write that we may induce every Arlington girl and boy to become early familiar with all that is rural; to learn of nature at first hand; for be it remembered that "God made the country and man made the town."

It is of the country road we sing.

Who says that the daughter-in-law does not so appreciate and love her mother-in-law that she may not happily dwell under the same roof. How was it with Ruth and Naomi? "Ruth said," you will remember, to Naomi, "entreat me not to leave thee or return from following after thee; for whither

thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." Such love as existed between Ruth and Naomi was the reflection of each to the other. And this love, do not forget, existed between the much abused "mother-in-law" and "daughter-in-law."

We had, on Thursday morning, an enjoyable interview with that charming young lady, Miss Beatrice Farmer, in the presence of the justly proud mother and the no less proud grandmother. Miss Beatrice received us with that attractive innocent smile which only a sweet baby can give. At the age of ten weeks her face lights up with a remarkable degree of intelligence, as one would expect, knowing well the father and the mother. We believe in babies. They are the best and sweetest of all created beings; and Miss Beatrice stands at the very head of the list.

What the pulpit needs today more than all things else, is not so much a larger infusion of grace, as it is the courage of its convictions. That clergyman who will insist on speaking God's truth in a plain way will not preach to empty pews, and let "that good man, the minister," remember that "the truth of truths is love."

This is a delightful world, if we will only take it as it is. To receive the bounteous gifts of nature for all they are worth, one need only to open both his arms and heart, and personally appropriate them for his own enjoyment and for the good of others. "There's beauty all around," and it is for us.

The truth so far as it relates to the public interest and to the human kind generally, is to be spoken at all times, and he who dares not so speak it, is nothing other than a coward.

It is a condition precedent that one shall write from the heart as well as from the brain, if his paragraphs are to be read, for in writing from the heart one touches all other hearts.

The Arlington boys whose ages range from ten to twelve years are becoming much interested in baseball, and, by the way, they are playing the game right up to date.

A full cordial expression of one's self means more than a mere hand-shake. To get at your friend and he at you, each must put himself in the other's place.

The query now may be heard on all sides, "When do you and your family go to your summer home at the shore or in the mountains?"

The heavens so far this season have seem to be unhooped; at any rate they have been and are now in a frightfully leaky condition.

It is the informal that gives pleasure to all alike. A cold formality always has about it the chill of death.

The news column of the public journal should be instructive as well as newsy.

Don't speak in riddles. Say what you have to say in plain intelligible English.

It is the genius of hard work that wins success.

ROBBINS LIBRARY, ARLINGTON.

Bound Periodicals.

American kitchen magazine, v. 13, 1900. AKM
 American monthly review of reviews, v. 22, 1900. AKM
 Arena, v. 24, 1900. RR
 Arlington advocate, v. 29, 1900. RL
 Arlington enterprise, v. 2, 1899-1900. RL
 Atlantic monthly, v. 86, 1900. AM
 Bird-lore, v. 2, 1900. BB
 Birds and nature, v. 8, 1900. BB
 Book buyer, v. 21, 1900-1901. BB
 Bookman, v. 11, 12, 1900-1901. BB
 Cambridge, Mass., public library bulletin, v. 5, 1900. BB
 Century, v. 60, 1900. C
 Chautauquan, v. 31, 1900. C
 Christian endeavor world, v. 14, part 2, 1900. C
 Cosmopolitan, v. 29, 1900. C
 Critic, v. 37, 1900. C
 Cumulative index, v. 5, 1900. RL
 Educational review, v. 20, 1900. ER
 Etude, v. 18, 1900, without music. 780 18
 Etude, v. 18, 1900, music. 780 18
 Forum, v. 29, 30, 1900-1901. F
 Good housekeeping, v. 13, 1900. GH
 Great round world, v. 4, parts 3, 4, 1900. GRW
 Harper's bazar, v. 33, parts 2, 3, 4, 1900. HB
 Harper's monthly, v. 101, 1900. HM
 Harper's weekly, v. 44, part 2, 1900. IL
 Illustrated London news, v. 27, 1900. RL
 Illustration, L. v. 115, 116, 1900. RL
 Illustration, L. v. 115, 116, in one, 1900. RL
 Fiction supplement, in one, 1900. RL
 Illustration, L. v. 115, 116, in one, 1900. RL
 Music supplement, in one, 1900. RL
 Independent, v. 52, parts 1, 2, 1900. I
 International journal of ethics, v. 10, 1899-1900. IE
 Journal of education, v. 52, 1900. JE
 Library journal, v. 25, 1900. RL
 Life, v. 36, 1900. L
 Lippincott's magazine, v. 66, 1900. LM
 Living age, v. 22, 227, 1900. LA
 McClure's magazine, v. 15, 1900. MC
 Masters in art, v. 1, 1900. MA
 Munsey's magazine, v. 23, 1900. MM
 Nation, v. 71, 1900. N
 New England homestead, v. 40, 41, 1900. NEH
 New England magazine, v. 22, 1900. NEM
 Nineteenth century, v. 48, 1900. NC
 North American review, v. 171, 1900. NAR
 Outlook, v. 36, 1900. O
 Outlook, v. 66, 1900. O
 Popular science monthly, v. 37, 1900. PSM
 Public libraries, v. 5, 1900. PL
 Scientific American, v. 83, 1900. RL
 Scribner's magazine, v. 28, 1900. SM
 Spectator, v. 54, 55, 1900. S
 Studio, v. 19, 20, in one, 1900. S
 Temple bar, v. 120, 121, 1900. TB
 Young idea, v. 13, 1900. YI
 Youth's companion, v. 74, part 2, 1900. YC

June 1, 1901.

THE GRAND

Mont Vernon, New Hampshire.

Only 55 miles from Boston, 1100 feet elevation, Grandest scenery, purest air and water, attractive modern hotel, accommodations 200, 400 feet piazzas 25 acres grounds, golf amusement, MONT VERNON GOLF COURSE, the finest in N.H. Excellent casino. Special rates until July 15th. Send for illustrated booklet. GEO. E. BATES, owner and proprietor.

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A DELIGHTFUL HOUR.

The memorial exercises in the town hall, Wednesday afternoon, rendered by the pupils of the grammar schools, under the supervision of Supt. Sutcliffe, offered a very delightful hour to the large audience present. The hall was appropriately decorated with the stars and stripes, while at the left of the stage was a large picture of Gen. Grant in the saddle, and on the right, Sheridan taking his lightning ride to "Winchester town."

The Grand Army "boys" were in full numbers, occupying reserved seats. The program of the hour had evidently been arranged with much care and taste, while its rendition was in every way admirable.

"Patriotic Thoughts" by Willie Bott, Gardner Porter, Grayson Wood, Gardner Palmer Bullard and Ralph Hornblower, made up a pleasing feature of the program. And then "Words of Lincoln," rendered by Fannie Holt, Ruth Watten, Frances McKay and Marjorie Wood, gave natural and emphatic expression to the thought had in mind by the saviour of his country.

The recitation, "Driving Home the Cows," by Sheeler Foster, was gracefully done. "The Challenge," by Beatrice Brackett and grade eight, in which Beatrice Brackett played the part of the performer, was enthusiastically enjoyed by the audience.

The singing, so well executed, was replete with patriotism and love of country. Commander Widdesater and Charles S. Parker, representing the boys in blue, pleasantly addressed the school and audience. The exercises fittingly closed with the singing of "America," by the school and audience.

A BIG SHIPMENT OVER THE BOSTON AND MAINE.

Five Miles of Harvesting Machines.

At the dawn of the 20th century, when the business enterprises are assuming such colossal proportions, it is not surprising to find that the shipments from these great industrial establishments increase proportionately. Perhaps the greatest single shipment on record was made over the Boston & Maine railroad on May 14, when a train of 58 cars, loaded with machinery from the Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Company, was shipped from Hoosick Falls to Chicago. The details of that shipment are as follows:

The route was over the Boston and Maine railroad, from Hoosick Falls to Rotterdam, thence to Buffalo over the New York Central, and from Buffalo to Chicago over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. 58 cars of the last named road were used to contain the shipment and were run solid to Chicago, being distributed from there as follows:—7 cars to Illinois; 4 to Missouri; 3 to Nebraska; 7 to Iowa; 8 to Minnesota; 9 to South Dakota; 1 to Wisconsin; 12 to Kansas; 1 to North Dakota. The run was wholly by daylight, and the train was decorated with flags and bunting as well as placards bearing the advertisement of the shipper. The train was given an enthusiastic send-off at Hoosick Falls. Stores were closed, factories ceased operations, and whistles and bells and cannon announced the departure of this great freight shipment. One of the Boston and Maine's most modern freight locomotives, No. 1155, was used in hauling the train, which left Hoosick Falls at 9:27 a.m., and arrived at Rotterdam at 1:20 p.m. The shipment consisted of 3,000 harvesting machines, which, if placed end to end, would extend over a distance of five miles. The total way-billed weight of the shipment was 1,675,400 pounds, and the freight charges amounted to \$9,622, while the value of the machines is estimated at about \$125,000. This train occupied about two days in crossing New York state, and at every place from starting point to destination there was great interest manifested.

For the Best of Cutlery
 and Specialties in
 Hardware
 go to

J. B. Hunter & Co.

60 SUMMER STREET,
 BOSTON.

Builders' and
 General . . . Hardware

An Up-to-date Hardware Store.

All Mechanics' Tools
 of the Best Makers
 and Material.

Stenography, Typewriting, Book-keeping, etc.

Individual instruction.
 \$2 PER WEEK; 4 MONTHS' COURSE.
 School open all the year.

Mellor's Shorthand School
 Methodist Building, Waltham.

What Think You?

Do you know the difference between "Farm Vegetables" and "Store Goods"? Perhaps you do, but if you have been using the latter all your days, you certainly cannot appreciate the SUPERIORITY of the former.

W. K. HUTCHINSON

has 40 acres under cultivation on Appleton Street, Arlington Heights and the goods in his stores are sold FRESH from the fields.

Spinach, Asparagus,
 Rhubarb

are the leaders for today. Try and be convinced.

45 PARK AVE.,
 669 MASS. AVE.
 ARLINGTON.

MISS K. T. McGRATH,

Dressmaker.

456 Mass. Ave. Arlington.

DAVID CLARK,

32 years in the hacking business, is still at the same business at

10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.

Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel. connection.

PUBLIC HEARING.

A public hearing will be given by the school committee, Tuesday, June 4, next, at 7:30 o'clock p.m., in the High School hall, on the petition presented to the committee, May 21, relative to reducing the required work for graduation and on any other matter connected with the course of study in the high school.

F. S. SUTCLIFFE, Sec'y.



THE LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE

Those persons who are not subscribers to the LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE, and who receive a copy this week, are hereby informed that the paper is sent as a sample.

The regular subscription price is \$1 per year but until June 15 we are offering it for

60 CENTS PER YEAR.

Don't you want it sent to your address for a year at only 60 cents? That is less than a cent a week. It is an unusually low price for a local paper, but we have made the price low for a short period, in order to introduce it. If you would like to have us send it to you send us 60 cents by mail, or give your subscription to a canvasser, or subscribe through Mr. H. V. Smith, the newdealer at the centre. All newdealers are agents. If you send us the money direct we do not have to pay a commission, and we would so prefer. Suit yourself in the matter. Address

THE ENTERPRISE CO.,
 Lexington, Mass.
 J. Lee Robinson, Manager.



Telephone Connection.

R. W. LeBaron,
Electrician and Contractor.

474 Massachusetts Ave.,
 Arlington.

We have a fine line of Parlor Lamps suitable for wedding presents, for oil or electricity. Also an assortment of dome and fancy shades.

Electric Alarm Clock Attachment

THE ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, June 1, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE.

Enterprise readers have been treated, during the past few weeks, to some very interesting letters from the west. Those who have paid particular attention to them will endorse this statement. The author, Dr. W. O. Perkins, is well known in Lexington, and that fact gives the communications a local flavor.

The doctor is a very versatile writer. All of his articles have been worthy of special mention. Moreover, he is in Kansas, the state which has won the medal for producing wonders, and he is able to describe them from close range observation. Other letters will follow.

IT IS TOO BAD.

It is too bad that the leaders in the late (we wish we could use that word in its full sense) political campaign, after going through the campaign proper without descending to personal epithets of a derogatory nature, should, now that the fight is, or should be, a thing of the past, turn to and call each other names.

We felt unfavorably inclined toward so much of Mr. Bayley's letter of last week as spoke of the opposing gentlemen by their first or given names, but as the matter was a rather small one to cause objection, we refrained from passing any remarks on the subject.

This week, however, another writer goes in considerably deeper. It seems, and the time is ripe for a rebuke. It is a mystery to us why citizens cannot be political enemies and yet firm friends. We believe in good, wholesome fighting, but when such spectacles as one man speaking of another in disrespectful, belittling or derogatory terms, then the qualifying word must be changed for another which we do not care to put into print.

Again we may say, let us have peace. The fight is past, one side has lost, the other has won. What if both sides do claim a victory? That doesn't make it a victory for both sides. In the name of all that is fair, good and honorable, let the quarrel end.

It is an undeniable fact that a nation which is torn by internal storms is in no condition to compete with other nations which are satisfied with fighting only a part of the time. And it is even so with the town of Lexington. How many new residents do you suppose the present quarrel is drawing to the town? To the people of Lexington, one and all, pros and cons, we say: "Let there be peace!"

REV. C. F. CARTER WON.

The links of the Lexington Golf club were thronged with players all day Thursday. In the morning there was a handicap medal play competition. In the afternoon, Rev. C. F. Carter won the prize for best score, with 83. W. W. Reed made the best gross score, 96. The contestants finished in this order: Rev. C. F. Carter, W. W. Reed, F. Wood, J. J. Hall, R. L. Stevens, Dr. E. C. Briggs, F. F. Sherburne, H. L. Houghton, C. H. Houghton, W. Lincoln, C. Garrison, C. Munro, G. Gilmore, Philip Lockwood, C. B. Davis, W. M. Tyler, R. Lockwood, R. C. Arnold.

No cards—G. W. Freund, W. F. Waters, F. B. Taylor, C. H. Stevens, Z. Sears, Jr.

In the afternoon a mixed foursome stroke competition was held, won by Miss Lockwood and G. L. Gilmore, with 114-96. This is the list of contestants and the order in which they finished: Miss Lockwood and G. L. Gilmore, Miss E. Briggs and F. E. Wood, Miss Briggs and Dr. E. C. Briggs, Miss E. Lockwood and W. M. Tyler, Miss Tyler and W. W. Reed, Mrs. Stevens and R. L. Stevens, Miss Arnold and C. B. Davis, Mrs. W. W. Reed and H. L. Houghton, Miss Griffiths and C. H. Stevens.

In the qualifying round for the spring championship the following qualified: F. E. Wood, W. W. Reed, C. F. Pierce, P. Lockwood, W. M. Tyler, R. L. Stevens, C. Garrison and F. F. Sherburne.

THE RECOUNT.

The registrars of voters met Saturday night for the purpose of recounting the votes cast at the election of the preceding Monday. Mr. Hutchinson was present to look after his interests, while Mr. Taylor had several representatives.

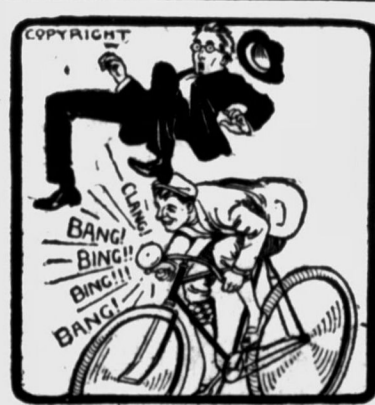
The result was practically unchanged. Mr. Taylor gained a vote at the expense of his opponent, reducing the latter's majority to 25.

On one ballot, Mr. Hutchinson's name had been written in, but not crossed. This was counted for neither side. The recount seems to be the "finish" of the election.

A. S. MITCHELL, AUCTIONEER.

Sales of Real Estate and Personal Property made anywhere in the state. Household Furniture bought or money advanced upon it. Parties wishing to dispose of any kind of property or have any property appraised in settling estates or otherwise can have me call and see them free of charge by sending me a postal card.

Boston Office, 113 Devonshire Street. Telephone 3539-4 Main.
Residence, Hunt Block, Lexington.



It Will Make You Jump

with joy to see those wheel bargains of ours—not old rattletrap bone shakers, sold cheap to clear 'em up—but good, staunch, reliable, easy-running bicycles, of good and popular make, at very low prices. Come and look them over. The looking won't cost you anything—the buying less than you think.

Fiske Brothers, LEXINGTON.

LUMBER... FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Lexington Lumber Co., LEXINGTON.

Telephone 48.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Cards are out for the marriage of Mrs. Lucy Gould, waiting to Capt. William Allen Harris, Sunday morning, June 10, at 11:30 o'clock, at the First Congregational-Unitarian church, Lexington. The couple will be at home after July 1, at Grapevine corner, Lexington.

Hon. A. E. Scott is on a few weeks' fishing trip at the Rangleys lakes.

Post 119, G. A. R., has appointed a committee, comprising Past Commanders Cutter, Morse and Wright, to devise a suitable form of courtesies to be extended to President McKinley on the event of his visit to Lexington, when he makes his promised trip to Massachusetts in June.

The Alden Jameson farm on Trapelo road, corner of Waltham street, Waltham, just over the line, will be sold this afternoon at 1 o'clock by Abbott S. Mitchell, auctioneer. The Commonwealth Mineral springs are located on this farm. The sale will include the farm property and the household goods.

The postoffice was closed from 10 to 5, Thursday.

In a team match at the Salem Golf club, Tuesday, the home team defeated Lexington by a score of 9 up. The score: Salem, Williams 0, Clark 6, Caliga 0, Osgood 7, total 13; Lexington, Pierce 3, Tyler 0, Reed 1, Wood 0, total 4.

H. W. Gleason, salesman, Bedford, is a petitioner in bankruptcy. He owes \$319.41, and has no assets.

Arrangements have been made to open the Hancock Clarke house, Sunday, from 2 to 6 p.m. in order to allow the large number of Sunday visitors to Lexington an opportunity to view the large number of Revolutionary relics stored there.

James Shelly, the engineer and driver of the engine at the central fire station, starts Monday on a vacation trip to Meadville, a Mr. Shelly will remain two weeks, but his family, who accompany him, will stay longer. Meadville is Mr. Shelly's former home. This is the first vacation which the town has ever been considered enough to grant him.

A women's team golf match between the Country club and the Lexington club was played on the Lexington links Wednesday, the former being defeated 5 up. One Country club player defaulted.

Albert S. Parsons was elected assistant secretary of the Free Religious association at its annual meeting in Boston, Thursday.

Rev. P. J. Kavanaugh and his niece, Miss Catherine Brennan, are visiting some friends in New York.

Thursday afternoon, Norwood A. A., of Somerville, played a good spirited game with the A. B. C. of Lexington. The score was 22 to 14 in favor of the A. B. C. The principal features of the game were the wonderful catches of Second baseman Benjamin and Short Stop MacDonald. The pitcher, Mr. Bockman, showed his great power over the ball, in striking out six men, one after another.

The Lexington & Boston R. R. Co. has added a new car with an illuminated sign, to the Arlington Heights and Concord line.

North Lexington.

W. H. Whitaker, the well known contractor, lost another horse last week, it being the third during the year. The old adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place would not be verified in this case.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

The tie between the teams of Capt. Houghton and Peabody was rolled off Monday night. At the close of the recent tournament, one of the teams had the lead in games won, the other in pins. As the result of Monday night's game, Capt. Houghton's team now has the championship. The score: Houghton, 226; Peabody, 222; Turner, 211; Clarke, 247; Locke, 198; game totals, 357, 361, 359-1,117. Peabody, 247; Rolfe, 234; Smith, 218; Stevens, 195, 191; game totals, 368, 360, 261-1,089.

The bottle pool tournament opened last week Friday night. Messrs. Remus and Peabody had Messrs. Hendley and William Ballard as opponents. The game was handled handsomely. The score was 150 to 73. Monday night's game between Messrs. A. F. Turner—Teague, and Downer—Redman was postponed. Two games are scheduled for next week Monday night. Messrs. J. F. Turner and Bigelow will meet Osgood and Holoway, and Wednesday the contestants will be Messrs. Smith and Stone on one side and Stevens and Dale on the other.

Another informal dance is announced for June 17. Mrs. Merrill will furnish the music.

In addition to the names published last week, the following are applicants for membership in the club: Messrs. Edward C. Stone and Henry E. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Forbes and Miss George A. Burr.

HIGH SCHOOL LOST.

Lexington high school and Concord Home school met in a baseball match, Wednesday afternoon, and the former won by a score of 8 to 0. The first six innings of the game made up as fine an exhibition as has been seen on the school diamond for many days.

In the next three innings the damage was done. Duffy, Lexington's pitcher, was responsible for the first four runs, which he let in on an error. He pitched a good game, with the exception of this error.

Capt. "Ben" Daley, too, had an off day, striking out twice, with three men on bases each time. The team met Belmont high, yesterday afternoon.

East Lexington.

There were memorial exercises at the Adams school Wednesday afternoon at 2. A delegation of comrades from post 119, G. A. R., attended the exercises.

The Kensington stock farm was represented by three splendid teams in the Speed parade in Boston, Wednesday afternoon. The turnout of the turnout outshone the Lexington steeds.

Alfred Pierce closed a deal, Tuesday, whereby he buys the Neal place on Massachusetts avenue, near Munroe tavern. The property consists of land with buildings thereon.

M. A. Pero's colt, "Tower Boy," was entered at Combination park, Thursday. This was his first race. His score was 4.

The Boston & Maine railroad sent out a brand new locomotive, yesterday. It drew the train which reached Pierce's bridge at 11:45. The bridge, here, is the lowest on the line and there seemed to be some doubt in the mind of the engineer that his "horse" would pass safely under it. He applied the brakes before he reached the bridge, and slowly approached the place. As a matter of fact there was about six inches to spare. The engine is No. 550 and is a beauty.

The thoroughly renovated church has been thoroughly renovated. The work was done by J. H. Gilbert, of Cambridge. The church will probably close for the summer, about the last of June.

The B. M. C. members were at the Pierce's bridge station, this week, with a view to improving the station. A new floor will probably be laid and there is a chance that the ticket office will be moved to the front of the station.

Calvin L. Eaton, of Massachusetts avenue, opposite Locust avenue, is ill with the grip.

The neighborhood was aroused about 9 o'clock last Sunday night by the ringing of the Follen church bell. The five-year-old son of Charles Hadley, of Oak street, strayed away and it was thought best to search the residents together, form parties and look for the boy. Before anything could be done, however, word came from Arlington that the boy had been found near where Broadway crosses Alewife brook. Jeremiah Russell, the custodian of the cemetery, found the boy. It seems that he was playing with E. P. Nichols' big dog, and that the latter followed him and stayed with him most of the evening, until he was brought to his home.

G. Carleton Worthen, of Maple street, has received an appointment in the agricultural department at Washington. He formerly worked for a long time in the government's experimental stations in Maryland.

Thomas Morris, who formerly lived on Massachusetts avenue, opposite the post office, has moved to Arlington.

The subject of Rev. L. D. Cochrane's sermon at the Follen church tomorrow, will be "The Memorial Relief." The evening the guild will discuss the postponed subject, "Peace."

Comrades Cosgrove, Tyler and Kauffmann of post 119, G. A. R., attended the school, Wednesday afternoon, and spoke to the scholars in the various classes.

Miss Mildred Caldwell is in the throes of malaria.

BAPTIST SOCIETY.

C. D. Easton spent Sunday with his mother at her N. H. home. His father, Rev. Mr. Easton, preached for him Sunday, from John 18: 38, "What is Truth?" Miss Corinne Locke sang a solo, and Misses Edith and Lillian Sim sang a duet.

OPEN TOURNAMENT.

The Lexington golf club is arranging for an open tournament, medal play handicap, June 8 and 9, with the women, June 8, and the men, June 15. It will be an open handicap medal play contest, 18 holes, open to all members of clubs in the state. The Lexington Golf association and players as may be invited will be held on the links of the Lexington golf club, play to begin at 10 a.m., a prize being offered for the best net and the best gross score.

Entries close at noon the previous day, and must be accompanied by a certificate from the secretary of the club of which the player is a member, giving the player's handicap with the scratch of his home links. All play is subject to the rules of the United States Golf association. The green committee reserves the right to change the order of play, time of starting, etc., as may seem proper.

POST 119 AT CHURCH.

George G. Mead post 119 attended the Hancock church service, Sunday, June 1. Everett S. Locke was in charge, and the 24 veterans were accompanied by a few members of the relief corps.

Rev. C. F. Carter preached an able and interesting sermon. Rev. A. S. Mitchell offered prayer, and the scripture lesson was read by Rev. L. D. Cochrane, of East Lexington. Music was furnished by a male quartet composed of Messrs. Goodwin, Dick Merrill and W. E. Stone. The service was interesting throughout.

IN THE SCHOOLS.

In accordance with a custom which is in every way commendable, members of post 119 of Lexington, went to the schools Wednesday afternoon, and helped to instill into the minds of the scholars something of what Memorial day means.

In the morning, Capt. Kauffmann and Comrades Muzzey and Cosgrove went to the high school. Here, at the school, Carter, pastor of the Hancock church, made a very able and interesting address.

In the afternoon, the Hancock school was visited by Commander Locke and Comrades Cutter, West and Muzzey. The veterans visited the various grades and spoke briefly to the scholars. The work of visiting the schools took about all day. Commander Locke, in the afternoon, placed flags on the graves in both the cemeteries, and also on the graves of the Revolutionary soldiers.

Comrades West and Harrington were delegated to go to Mt. Auburn cemetery, in Cambridge, Thursday morning, to decorate the graves of the four Lexington soldiers who are buried there.

HIGH SCHOOL GOLF.

In the golf match between the Lexington high school golf team and the Boston English high school team at Franklin park last week Friday, the former won by a score of 19-2. The score: Lexington high, Batchelder 2, Page 0, Sanford 11, Ingalls 3, Tyng 3, total 19; English high, Wilson 0, G. de Gogly 2, Hayward 0, default 0, Farrington 0, total 2.

The team played Winthrop high school, yesterday, at the links of the Winthrop golf club, and will play Cambridge Manual Training school, today, at Franklin park.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE RIGHT IN IT.

New Hampshire is not only a summer playground, but for that early vacationist, the fisherman, it is a rendezvous of wide renown.

Its mountains are known far and wide for their grandeur, but they are no more widely known than its lakes, of which few sections of the country have a greater number.

Some of them, like Winnepesaukee and Sunapee, are of great area and renowned fishing grounds, while others, numbering well towards a hundred, are of varying size, but nevertheless excellent fishing resorts.

Everyone of New Hampshire's lakes is more than well stocked with a choice variety of every kind of fish, and invariably their size is extraordinary.

There is one very prominent and favorable feature which makes the lakes of New Hampshire popular with the fishing fraternity, and that is the exceptional facilities for reaching them. The general passenger department of the B. & M. R. R., Boston, issues for each lake a little pamphlet on outdoor sports, namely, "Fishing and Hunting," "Lakes and Streams," "Lake Sunapee," either of which will send you an address upon receipt of a two-cent stamp for each booklet. If you are a fisherman, send for them; they will interest you.

STOCK FARM SOLD.

Edward T. Harrington & Co. have sold for Joseph Middleby, the Reservoir stock farm on the state road and Lincoln street, containing about 85 acres of land in the center of which is one of the best half-mile exercising tracks in New England.

Mr. Middleby has here bred numbers of successful trotters, this being the home of Emperor Wilkes and the colt Lizzie B. There are building accommodations for 100 horses. The house is a large, old-fashioned structure. The place was formerly known as the Estabrook and Blockett farm.

It is the intention of the purchaser, Herbert Moseley, to develop the land lying on the State road and Lincoln street by erecting houses for which there is a great demand in Lexington. The price paid was \$18,000.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Enterprise has received the following self-explanatory letter:

Editor Enterprise:—Now that the election and recount are over and the legal term of our selection is established, I desire to thank the many voters who from every section of the town endorsed my position at the special election of May 20th.

The fact that such a large number of voters have in so emphatic a manner expressed their disapproval of recent methods in town affairs cannot fail to be a benefit to us all as indicating a determination to insist upon straightforward, businesslike methods in the government of our good old town.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy during the whole campaign, I am,

George W. Taylor.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Editor Enterprise:—There has been a great deal said about the idea of sports on Memorial day. Now I noticed, right here in Lexington, Thursday, a case which I think was very improper. The Lexington drum corps, escorted the post to the cemetery, and while waiting for the time when they would be called to accompany it to the old cemetery, spent a part of the time in seeing which could jump the fastest.

This violation of the principles of the day, being perpetrated in the cemetery, in the very midst of the G. A. R. observances seems to me to be a flagrant insult to the memory of the men who died for the country. I presume that the members of the corps were paid by the Grand Army for their services during the day, and I feel that they might have spent the intervening time in a proper manner.

Observer.

THE REASON WHY.

There has been considerable controversy of late on the question of why the flags should be displayed at half-mast on Memorial day. The Enterprise talked with a past commander of post 119, yesterday, and the veteran gave an explanation. He said: "It is not so much those who fell during the war, 30 or 40 years ago, whom we mourn, but those who are dying year by year." He added that the department of Massachusetts was losing from 30 to 400 each year.

A GOLD MINE FOR THE VACATIONIST FREE.

Well, summer time makes us think of vacations, but where to go is the question.

New England is one great pleasure ground, and either at the shore or in the country mountains there is a variety enough to satisfy all. There are ample accommodations in every region, and the luxurious furnishings and sumptuous table which the inn-keeper provides has a reputation for New England. Another feature of extensive proportions, another feature which gives New England a decided prominence as a summer resort are the exceptional transportation facilities at the command of the tourist. It matters not from which point you gain entrance to the region, for in every direction the Boston & Maine railroad has a service which includes through express trains equipped with modern parlor and sleeping-cars. Its passenger department, with headquarters in Boston, compiles a book known as "Summer Resorts and Tours," which is nothing less than a "vacation pointer." It includes a list of hotels and boarding houses, rates, routes, maps and steamer connections. Send for it—it is free, and contains everything you want to know about vacations.

The centre of fun and frolic in New England this summer is to be at the metropolitan park reservation, and the centre of fun and frolic at the reservation is at the "Loop-the-Loop," near the state bath house. The "Loop-the-Loop" is certainly the greatest sensation of the season, and was originated at the beach. Two hundred and eighty thousand, one hundred and twelve people enjoyed it in the 69 days it was open last summer. Anyone who does not reverse beach this summer and does not spend five cents for a ride on the "Loop-the-Loop" will be as careless as those who go to the Buffalo exposition and return home without having visited Niagara Falls.



H.F. HOOK

15 Commercial Wharf, Boston. Manufacturer of

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Measuring and estimating, without charge. Send for samples. Wedding Canopies to let. Telephone connection.

When You Visit Revere Beach Reservation

Loop the Loop!

OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

Greatest Sensation of the Age!

Heels Up, Head Down!

Perfectly Safe.

Never Had an Accident.

Only Five Cents a Ride.

The Loop the Loop Grounds Are Near the State Bath House

CHARLES T. WEST,

General Fire Insurance, Opp. P. O., Lexington. Telephone Connection. Your Patronage is Solicited.

HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Saturday night travel between Boston and Woburn has shown a marked increase since Woburn became a no-license city. Several additional smoking cars were attached to the late train last Saturday night and about 250 passengers were brought here. [Woburn News.]

The restricting bill as proposed by the committee is likely to go through the legislature without much change. By its provisions, Woburn will be transferred to McCall's district. [Woburn News.]

And a more desirable district with a better representative does not exist.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

The recent interview with Auditor W. C. Newell on town finances, printed in the Star, was not only read with favor by the citizens of Winchester, but by those of surrounding towns and particularly so in Arlington, where the system of bookkeeping is notoriously ancient. Auditor Newell has been interviewed further by some of the prominent men of that town, to whom he has given additional information, and the result will be that a reform will take place in the present conduct of financial affairs, and also that the offices of collector, treasurer and town clerk will not continue to be vested in one man. [Winchester Star.]

Attached to the 11:30 train from Boston, last Saturday night, were several smoking cars, and it is said they contained 300 passengers, most of whom had been to Boston for an inward supply of wet refreshments. A majority of these passengers alighted at Woburn. The steam road is being extensively benefited since Woburn became a "dry" city but our neighbor can stand the loss of revenue. [Winchester Star.]

A movement is on foot to bring the city of Melrose back into the list of towns. Reason: High taxes and extravagance. A town form of government is best, all things considered. [Winchester Star.]

The point at issue between the McKay men and their employers is so trivial that it is not believed there will be a strike. [Winchester Star.]

You're a poor prophet, brother.

Woburn is planning to celebrate the great and glorious 4th in fitting style. An appropriation of \$300 is expected from the city council, to which \$500 worth of private subscription is hoped to be added. The committee of citizens has the arrangements in charge.

JOHN A. FRATUS, Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.

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LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS. B. C. WHITCHER, Prop. Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grains are received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be out under.

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J. J. TOOMEY, Fashionable Hairdresser. Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Reconcaved. HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

P. J. STEVENS, Custom TAILOR. Special Attention Given to ORDER WORK. Cleansing, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Done. Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., LEXINGTON.

MISS L. E. ABRAMSON, MILLINERY, 47, Winter Street, Boston. ROOM 607. Formerly with Mrs. W. B. CROCKER.

R. W. BRITTON, HAIR DRESSING ROOM. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. : : : RAZORS HONED AND RECONCAVED. Mass. Ave., Opposite Post Office, LEXINGTON, MASS.

TYN-Y-COED CAMOBELLO ISLAND, N. B. (Opposite Eastport, Maine)

Possesses a delightful summer climate, all land and water sports; the house has been thoroughly replumbed with new bathtubs; the lighting plant has been thoroughly renovated and put in first-class condition; train service direct to Eastport. Address: FRED B. JONES, HADDOCK HALL, Cor. Commercial Ave. and Berkeley St.

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E. B. McLALAN, (Successor to Wm. E. Denham) HORSESHOER, Special attention given to Over-reaching, Interfering, or Lame Horses. Shop at the Old Stand, Adjoining R. R. Station, Westerly Side, Lexington.

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NOURSE & CO., Lexington Express. Furniture and Piano Moving. 32 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON OFFICES. 75 KILBY STREET, BOSTON OFFICES. LEXINGTON OFFICE, MASS. AVE.

\$2.50 Radcliffe Shoe FOR LADIES. FRANK O. NELSON, Massachusetts Avenue, Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

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G. W. SAMPSON, Fire Insurance Life Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Established 1794 Fire Association of Philadelphia, Estab. 1817. Imperial Fire Assn. of London, Eng., Est. 1808 Worcester Mutual Fire

A MEMORY.

Settled the blown sands and the flowing sea
We stood at nightfall. In the hollow west
The ultimate torch of day flared for a space,
Bank and expired. A wind whined round the
dunes.
And ragged shreds of vapor, salt and chill,
Went by us in the flow. We had no tear
To shed, no word to say. Our stricken heads
Were bowed together, and her streaming hair
Swept over my cheek. Swiftly the gray night fell
And like a huge hand blotted sea and shore.
I heard her garments rustle in the gloom;
A moment on my breast she laid her brow,
Then turned, and from the darkness where she
stood
A sob came down the gust. 'Twas ages since,
But memory still broods on that black hour.
—James B. Kenyon in Lippincott's Magazine.

EXTENUATING
CIRCUMSTANCES

The Story of a Kiss.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

It was a quarter to 12 on Saturday night—a time when, standing as one does on the threshold of a new week, it is only appropriate that new resolutions should be formed. This, at any rate, was Phyllida's view of the matter, and no Saturday within my memory had ever been permitted to join its predecessors until she had solemnly registered a determination to lead a "higher and more purposeful life" for the future. From previous experience I knew that I should be pressed into subscribing to similar protestations. It was therefore with no feeling of surprise worthy of the name that I heard my departure prohibited, as, on the date in question, I made a strategic movement, but in hand, toward the door.

"You mustn't go yet," observed Phyllida, laying a detaining hand on my arm. "But my train will," I protested. "Never mind that—you can catch another."

I resigned myself to the inevitable and sat down again. The pause that followed was broken by my companion.

"I called you back because you'd forgotten something," she remarked insinuatingly.

"I don't think so. My overcoat is in the hall, and I've got your letters for the post all right."

"It's something more important than letters," returned Phyllida. "Guess."

"Parcels?"

"No—nor telegrams, either. You know perfectly well what you've omitted to do. I'm not going to give you the opportunity of making another silly remark, though, so I'll tell you at once. You haven't made any good resolutions for next week yet."

"Quite so; I'm afraid it slipped my memory. Have you noticed how the wind is rising? I see that the meteorological office says—"

"Yes—it will probably be fine if it doesn't rain," broke in Phyllida. "I don't think we need talk about the weather, though."

"It is unspeakable," I agreed.

"Then perhaps you will give me your attention for a few minutes. Do you know what day this is?"

I consulted my notebook. "It is the 15th of the month."

"Yes, and it is also Saturday evening," returned my companion in a deny it if you can voice. "In a quarter of an hour or so we shall enter on a new week. I should like to know, therefore, what your resolutions for its proper observance are?"

"I think, Phyllida," I remarked diplomatically, "that it would be as well if you would mention the more conspicuous of my moral lapses."

"It is a time for self examination," she replied severely. "Still, perhaps it would be better if I did as you suggest."

I am afraid that Phyllida misread the expression with which I received this remark.

"You needn't look so relieved," she continued. "I'm only going to tell you your faults because I don't believe I should get the truth out of you."

"That is not the way to invite confidence," I replied with dignity. "A moment ago and I was more than ready to reveal the inmost workings of my mind to you. As it is—well—"

Phyllida rose from her seat and crossed over to my side. Looking at the matter impartially I cannot regret her subsequent action as being strictly in accordance with the dictates of propriety. It was, however, distinctly tranquillizing—and then there were no spectators.

"Very well," I observed, as she returned to her own chair. "Ask me anything you like."

"Now, you're nice again," she answered smilingly. "You can't think how attractive it makes you. Well, what I want you to do is to describe all the girls you've fallen in love with since last Monday."

"All of them?" I echoed, somewhat disconcerted at the unexpectedness of the demand.

Phyllida nodded acquiescence.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go in ten minutes," I replied, looking at my watch.

"I suppose that means you couldn't exhaust the list before 12 o'clock," she answered sadly. "I'm disappointed in you—and after all your solemn promises too."

"I have no wish to deprive you of any legitimate grievance," I returned, "but you wrong me in thinking—"

"Then you haven't—er—you know—with any one?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed brightly. "I knew I could trust you. You can't think what a weight you've taken off my mind, though. Do you know," she added softly, "I think I admire your frankness more than anything else."

"I hope, Phyllida," I answered proudly, "that you will always find me meriting your good opinion in this respect. Such experiments as from time to time I have conducted in the matter have ever convinced me that a rigid adherence to truth is the more excellent way."

"One should scorn resort to falsehood from higher motives than those of mere policy," retorted Phyllida severely. "Isn't there a proverb about it?"

"I have heard it said that a lie in time saves nine," I observed.

"Don't be frivolous, or I shall think you're not serious in your promise to be frank with me. Besides, I've got another question to ask you. It's this—I don't want you to mention any names, of course—but have you seen any girl whom you liked very much during the past

week? Now, be candid. Examine yourself thoroughly."

I complied with the request. In fact, I did so with such completeness that my companion thought it necessary to repeat the question.

"I have given the matter my attention," I returned at length. "And find that I have only erred and strayed in one single instance."

"Ha!" inquired my inquisitor sharply. "So you admit that you have been misbehaving, do you?"

"Don't make me regret my confidence," I pleaded. "I was not wholly to blame, I assure you. The incident occurred some time ago; three days at least."

"It's inexcusable," was the stern retort. "I declare, you're not to be trusted out of my sight for more than an hour or two at a time. You didn't go the length of proposing matrimony to the lady who was fortunate enough to win your—er—regard, though, I suppose?"

"Certainly not, Phyllida," I replied. "Your question surprises me."

"Well, I'm glad to find it's not so bad as I thought," she went on unceasingly. "I don't suppose you had time to get tender enough for that, though?"

"I only saw her for five minutes or so," I explained. "Upon my honor, Phyllida, you have no cause for alarm on my account. I assure you that nothing beyond a hasty kiss passed between us."

The self-appointed guardian of my morals sprang to her feet.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You—you—kissed her?"

"Only once," I answered soothingly. "You must consider, I hadn't been introduced to her long."

"Oh, this is too much!"

"My own, you asked for frankness," I observed.

"Yes, but not for callousness too. Oh, how could you; how could you?"

"You will excuse my seeming density, but your question does not convey very much to me. How could I what?"

Phyllida's lips shaped themselves to answer her tongue, however, rebelled at the words. I leaned forward inquiringly.

"Yes," I repeated encouragingly. "You wanted to know how I could—"

"K-k-kiss her? Yes."

"My own, it was quite easy," I answered reassuringly.

"What!" was the indignant response. "You actually boast of it! Why, you must be brazen!"

"Not at all," I returned, strong by the unworthy insinuation. "I am pained that you should condemn me unheard. You do not know all the circumstances."

"That one?"

"The—er—extenuating ones."

"I don't believe there were any."

"Pardon me, there were several."

"Tell me one of them, then."

"Well, the lady didn't object."

"Then she was brazen too. I knew it! You were both of you equally guilty."

This was overstepping the bounds of ordinary acquaintance. Something was due to myself too. In a moment I had resolved upon my course of action.

"I cannot permit you to asperse an innocent who is not here to defend herself," I observed. "The blame, if any, was entirely mine."

"Ah, you say that because you're a man," returned Phyllida, obviously softening a little.

"It is the truth," I asserted proudly. "Never shall it be said of me that I stood by and saw the character of a woman assailed in her absence without raising a voice in her defense."

"Rubbish!" was the inelegant retort. "She's a designing minx, I'm sure—and a cat too! So there! I expect, though," she added in another tone, "if only the truth were known, she led you on."

"Well," I admitted reflectively, "her behavior might certainly be considered—er—encouraging."

"There! I was sure of it all the time," cried Phyllida triumphantly. "Tell me, now, what did she do?"

"My dear," I expostulated, "you really oughtn't to ask me such things."

"Why, was it so bad as all that?"

I am afraid I must have unconsciously nodded an affirmative. Phyllida came to my side.

"You poor old thing," she whispered softly. "Did she put her arms round your neck like this when she kissed you?"

This time I nodded purposely.

"Oh, the minx!"

"Don't condemn her unheard," I pleaded.

"You dear, good natured old goose," said Phyllida gently, "it's only your generosity that makes you find excuses for her."

"But she was very young," I urged.

"Young, indeed! H'm—quite old enough to know better, I'm sure."

"Indeed, Phyllida, don't think this was the case."

"Well, how old was she?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly; it's not considered polite to ask a lady her age, you know."

"Well, you seem to have got on such intimate terms with her that I should have thought you would have asked her anything."

"I did ask her mother," I admitted.

"Ah—well, that's something," returned Phyllida in a decidedly more satisfied tone. "Tell me, though," she continued, "did you ask on the day that she made this disgraceful exhibition of herself?"

"Meaning?"

"Oh, you know perfectly well—the day when she kissed you?"

"Yes."

"Well, how old was she then?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you, Phyllida. Consider, how would you like?"

"But I want to know such a lot."

"How much?" I demanded sternly.

"Very much indeed—please."

"All right, then; but promise you'll never tell her."

"Of course I won't—now!"

"You don't want to know out of mere curiosity, I hope?" I asked anxiously, as I made room for her in the chair beside me.

"Oh, don't be aggravating. If you still care for me at all, and don't want me to withdraw my forgiveness, tell me at once how old that horrid girl was when she kissed you?"

"Put your head nearer."

Phyllida inclined a shell-like ear to a suitable proximity.

"Just 2 years," I whispered into it.—King.

Trials of a Career.

"In the denunciation scene you must raise your hand to high heaven," said the stage manager.

"But if I do," protested the leading lady, "the calcium light will not strike my diamond rings."

"Ah, we petty people who merely pay admission and applaud at the proper intervals have no idea of the trials of a stage career!—Baltimore American.

An Ideal Mother.

It is stated that Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas for so many years, was an ideal mother. She grew a child again for the sake of her children, and many of the delightful stories she wrote for young folks she "made up" first of all for her own little boys. Mrs. Dodge, says Good Housekeeping, was left a widow while very young, so she brought her two children to the home of her father, Professor Mapes. The boys grew up in a regular story book atmosphere. Their grandmother was a stately dame, who loved nothing more than to tell of the old days when she danced at a famous ball with Lafayette and Washington. The brilliant, scholarly grandfather gathered about him the most famous men and women who came to New York—novelists, artists, scientists and scholars—who were lionized and adored by the little Dodge boys. In this atmosphere of culture their mother took up her literary work, giving the forenoon to her writing and the afternoon to her children. She took up boyish sports that she might play with her boys. She was ready to accompany them on all sorts of expeditions, and their birthdays became very festive days, with a supper prepared by mother's own hands, served in mother's own den and ending with a poem to the king of the occasion written by mother herself. All of these birthday poems are treasured today by Mrs. Dodge's elder son, who has a household of his own modeled very closely after the spirit of the home of his childhood.

A Touching Story.

A charming story is told of the child of a well known French painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation upon her eyes and restored her sight. Her mother had long been deaf, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told her blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him, and when the cure was complete and the bandages were removed she ran to him and, trembling, felt of his features, shutting her eyes every now and then as if to make sure that it was he. The father has a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes. "To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, "that I have had this father for this many years and never knew him!"

About Women.

Men are generally kind when women look their best.—"Bequeathed."

Most women ought never to look back if they want a following.—Mr. Dooley.

Women are sure to be inconsistent sometimes. It is their birthright.—"An English Woman's Love Letters."

In the dissolution of sentimental partnerships it is seldom that both partners can draw their funds at precisely the same time.—"The Touchstone."

What woman can withstand the fascination of a lover's faith that she is an angel? If a man is fool enough to believe it, why deceive him?—"Unleavened Bread."

To be a woman, to be in love, to have the artistic temperament, it would take God himself to predict what a human being would do under those circumstances, couldn't it?—"The Melton Farm."

It has been noted by more than one observer of life that in times of trouble the mere mention of a man is likely to produce upon the feminine mind an effect notably cheering.—"Love in a Cloud."

Bridal Superstitions.

Never in rehearsing the ceremony read the marriage service entirely over.

A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes.

There is an old superstition against May marriages.

Dec. 31 is a favorite day in Scotland. A bride must wear nothing green. That color is emblematic of evil.

To change the name and not the letter is change for worse and not for better.

The origin of slipper throwing is not known. It means, however, good luck.

In Yorkshire, England, the cook used to pour hot water over the doorstep after the couple had gone to keep the threshold warm for another bride.

It is said "Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines."—Kansas City Journal.

Cultivate Beauty of Spirit.

Intelligence and common sense in regard to the laws of health will change a comparatively ordinary looking woman into a creature who can claim her own share of good looks.

Such a woman will eat only healthy, nutritious food and endeavor to get a good supply of fresh air each day.

She will know that a bath taken before retiring each night is essential to preserve her health and beauty.

A sponge bath taken in the morning immediately after rising will commence for her one of the duties of the day, says Julia Teresa Butler in The Weekly Bouquet.

And she will not forget to cultivate beauty of spirit. No woman can be lovely without a lovely disposition.

She may be fair to look upon; but like a rose without fragrance, she will impart no sweetness.

A Woman's Teeth.

Remember, if you wish to keep young, that the dentist is your best friend. Do not allow any of your molars to get beyond the saving point if you can help it, for lost molars mean hollows in the cheeks.

Run floss between the teeth before cleansing them at night, and rinse the mouth with hydrozone or any other good antiseptic wash.

Tooth powder is not harmful. Prepared chalk is harmless, but castile soap should be avoided, for it is likely to affect the gums. Little points where the gum is receding can be treated by your dentist. Consult him without delay.

At a Club Tea.

"Can you point out the guest of honor?" asked a visitor at a woman's club tea.

"Certainly," replied the member as she glanced around the room. "There, do you see that woman in gray, with the pink rose in her bonnet? She is drinking tea now. That is our guest of honor."

"And who is she?" asked the visitor.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied the member. "I don't even know her name."

"Then how could you point her out so easily?"

"Oh, simply enough. The guest of honor or always has the best cup."

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Cold Sodas,

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Jobbing of every description executed in the best manner.

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CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.
Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month.

FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m. Sunday. Lend-a-hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.
Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.
Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.
Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.
Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

52 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

54 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

56 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

57 Bedford street—Opp. M. E. Church.

58 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

59 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

60 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

61 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

62 Lowell street near Arlington line.

72 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

73 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

74 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

75 Mass. avenue and Percy road.

76 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

77 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

78 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

79 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

81 Bedford street near Elm street.

82 Centre Engine House.

83 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

84 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

85 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.

86 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

87 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

88 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows; three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you. Key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

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IVORY Flour
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A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

The "Blue Bird"

is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.

No manufacturer can give you better. Try one and be convinced.

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Carriage Work and Repairing to Order.

Particular attention paid to Shoeing Over-reaching, Interfering or otherwise Difficult Horses.

Agent for Clark's Patent Shoe.

Shop on Mass. Ave., East Lexington.

EDWARD HUNNEWELL,

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Practical PLUMBER,

Repairing in all its branches.

Furnace Work and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

SATISFIED.

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray and tolled upon the road all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack and bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager fed and sorely tasked, One only wage love ever asked—

A child's white face to kiss at night, A woman's smile by candlelight.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Lippincott's Magazine.

CUPID AND

...THE LAW.

The Story of a Boston Love Affair That Eventuated in Mexico.

By JOHN FORBES.

Copyright, 1901, by John Forbes.

"Goodby, goodby; yes, we'll write and tell you all about it, and perhaps send you some of the drawn work."

And with these and the other usual messages the train carrying the big excursion to Mexico pulled out of the station.

It was a common, everyday sight to the station hands, and they gave it only a passing glance. But to most of the travelers it was a novel experience, and they looked on it as only the beginning of days of sightseeing in the land of the Montezumas.

There were two passengers in one of the sleepers who attracted some attention. One was a woman of 60, tall and straight, with a carriage like a queen and who seemed as young and gay as the youngest. The other called her "mother" and was about 25, a beautiful girl. Their son and brother had come to the station to bid them goodby, a man of 30, well groomed and well made, the typical American man of that age.

He had provided them with everything that his affection could suggest and told them to be sure to let him know day by day where they were and if they were well.

"And you will look after mother, Alice, won't you?"

As he spoke two young ladies turned and looked at him—his sister and a younger woman, about 22. She turned involuntarily, and the pretty blush that covered her cheek showed that her name was Alice too.

Robert Duncan glanced at her and was struck with her beauty. But she saw his look and turned away and busied herself with her baggage. His mother and sister both noticed the coincidence also and smiled.

"So we will have two Alices along," said his mother. "I hope we shall become acquainted with the young lady. She looks very pleasant and very nice."

Just then the porter shouted "All aboard," and Robert jumped from the train. As the car passed him he looked in vain for the faces of his mother and sister. But he did see the face of the other Alice looking at him with some curiosity.

Then he returned to his office. He was the junior partner in a prominent law firm in Boston and had a hard afternoon of work before him. There was a brief in a case that had puzzled both himself and his partner. But try as he would to concentrate his mind on his work, he could see nothing but the beautiful face at the car window and hear nothing but the droning of the car wheels.

At last he became so nervous that he threw down his pen, and, telling the boy he would not be back till morning, he walked up across the Common and the Public garden to his home.

The evening at the theater did not help him, and he was rather horror struck to find himself no better in the morning. This was a new experience for him. No woman had ever before come between him and his work. This was silly. He never saw the girl before, and he never would see her again, of course. He must have dyspepsia.

So, on his way to his office, he made a call on his old college chum, now a promising young physician. He did not tell the doctor what the most prominent symptom was, but was sure he needed medicine for dyspepsia. Accordingly he felt rather foolish when he was obliged to say no to all the doctor's questions as to whether he had certain symptoms inseparable from gastric trouble.

The doctor laughed and gave him some harmless powder and he went to the office strong in his resolve to finish the brief. He made fairly good headway, but still the image of the beautiful girl would come back to him, and, as the day wore on, more distinctly. Late in the afternoon he got a telegram saying the party was at Chicago and signed "Alice." And that started it all over again.

Then he became alarmed and feared his mind was going, for he was not a believer in "love at first sight," or hardly in the grand passion itself.

Then he found himself with an almost resistless longing to take the first train and follow his folks. Of course he did not admit to himself that he wanted to see the other Alice.

That afternoon one of the firm's best clients came in. He said he contemplated purchasing some thousand acres in Mexico with the idea of establishing a coffee plantation there. He was not satisfied with the title to the land and felt that some one ought to go down there and look into the matter more closely. He could not spare the time and came to them, thinking that possibly some of their young men might have enough knowledge of Spanish to make the trip.

Robert Duncan regarded him as an angel and said that as the office was not very busy just then he thought he should like to make the trip himself. This was better than the client expected, and the matter was soon fixed up.

"Perhaps you will meet your folks down there," said the senior partner.

"Why, perhaps I will," said Duncan, as he had just thought of it. But he told his partner that it was hardly probable, as he was going down on the lower tablelands near the coast and the excursions usually kept pretty well upon the high plateaus.

That night before he started he got a letter from his mother, and in it she said, "Alice Chambers is lovely, and we enjoy her so much." So that was her name—Chambers.

The next morning he started. His journey was a tiresome one, and after several days spent on the train he found himself one glorious afternoon climbing a little mountain path on the back of a burro. Duncan had told his folks by wire of his intended trip and found by

looking over their itinerary that they had passed quite near where he now was.

He had left the train at a little town through which they passed some days previous and was making his way into the country to interview an old Indian whom he expected to find the next morning. The title to Mexican lands often depends on information only obtainable from the kindly Indian.

That night he slept on his blanket under the stars and early the next morning was pushing on, the path growing still wilder and more beautiful. At last, about 9 o'clock, he came over the spur of the mountain and looked down on a lovely valley. His guide and interpreter told him that in the little village which he could see was the old Indian.

About noon they arrived. The matter of the title was soon fixed up and arrangements were made to leave the next morning on the return trip; but that evening something happened that altered his plans.

A small party of the villagers who had been up in the mountains cutting wood had found a burro wandering alone. They did not recognize it as one of the village burros. It had a sidesaddle on it, and tucked under one of the straps was a little glove. They knew that a young American or European woman must have ridden the burro, and they began a hunt to find her.

Some miles back they found her unconscious by the road, and, putting her on the burro, which they had led back, they brought her into camp. As they brought her up Duncan walked up the little village street to see what the matter was. He was astounded to see Alice Chambers on the back of the little mule.

She was still unconscious. One of the old women of the village took her into the little open shelter and in a very few moments she revived and, opening her eyes, smiled a wan smile. When her eye caught that of Duncan, she started, and she stepped up and said:

"I am Robert Duncan, Miss Chambers, and my mother and sister have been traveling with you. I am here on business and will be happy to help you in any way possible. When you are stronger, we shall be glad to hear your story."

She regained her vigor quickly under the ministrations of the old Indian woman and soon told them that she had started out with a party from the little town on the railroad to make an excursion to some famous caves. In some way she had become separated from the others and had tried to find her way back. She became confused, and, meeting several natives, they had tried to understand each other, with the result that she became more and more at sea.

She had eaten only what some kindly Indians had given her. At last she went so long without food that she felt a faintness coming over her, and she knew no more till she woke and found herself in the little village.

In a few days she was strong enough to travel, and Duncan made himself a denizen in the village by leaving a sum of money that to the Indians was fabulous. They calculated that the excursion party must be at the City of Mexico, and when they reached the railroad they telegraphed the party. An answer came back which they got at a station farther on. It said, "Thank God, she is found."

They were met at the station by an enthusiastic crowd made up of the excursion party, the American minister and a great mob of Mexicans, who cheered the couple to the echo. In some way the story had got into the papers.

Duncan decided to stay for some days and telegraphed his partner to that effect, who wired back congratulations.

One afternoon Duncan asked Alice if she would drive with him to the grove of Chapultepec. They dismissed the coachman at the entrance and told him they would meet him there in a couple of hours. Then they wandered through that majestic grove, where it is always twilight even at midday. They had been talking over their strange experience.

"Alice," said Duncan, "you of course know that everybody thinks you are my sweetheart and were before we left home?"

She blushed and owned that she had heard something to that effect.

